

JUNE 1926

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers



Full-page black and white drawing by Lucy Fitch Perkins

“‘What have you?’ she asked in surprise”

BUT the good woman never knew that the little child the woodcutter had found in the forest was really a king's son. In fact, for many years, no one knew except the little brown bird that gave his name to the story.

Besides this tale about Prince Joyaine, there is one about an enchanted peacock that turned out to be a beautiful princess, and another about a pink topaz ring that was lost and found, and still another about Lalal who almost lost her lovely life.

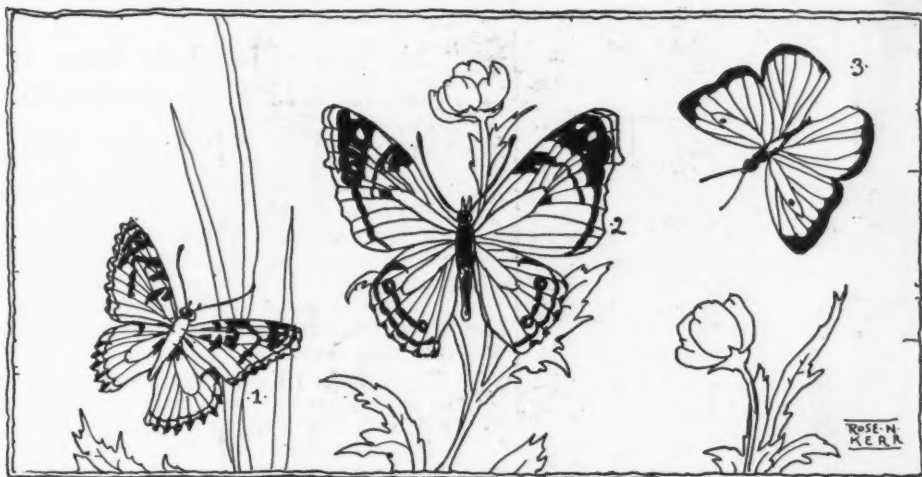
THE ENCHANTED PEACOCK

Written by JULIA BROWN Illustrated by LUCY FITCH PERKINS

Published by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

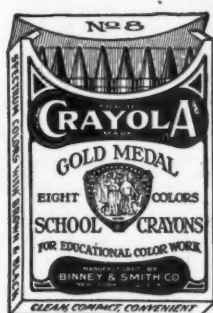
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It's Butterfly Time

HOW gay they are—flitting about in the sunshine and sipping honey from their favorite flowers! Do you know the names of all the butterflies you see around you? A good way to learn them is to draw a picture of each kind of butterfly you see, color it true to life with "CRAYOLA" Crayons or "ARTISTA" Water Colors, and look up its name in your butterfly book. Try to collect as many pictures as you can during the summer.



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CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume V

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1926

Number 6

	PAGE
COVER DESIGN	Hazel Frazee
GREETING PAGE	
JUNE DAYS	Rose Waldo 325
	<i>Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington</i>
OUTDOOR SPORTS	Frontispiece 326
	<i>Drawing by Dorothy Henderson</i>
THE PIRATE	Siddie Joe Johnson 327
	<i>Drawing by Dorothy Henderson</i>
THE PRAIRIE BOY	Clinton Scollard 328
	<i>Drawing by Eleanor Duke</i>
THE THRILL OF THIMBLE CAMP	Josephine E. Phillips 329
	<i>Illustrations by Eleanor Osborn Eadie</i>
IN MUSIC LAND	
MUSIC IN JUNE	Henry Purmort Eames 332
	<i>Illustrations by John Dukes McKee</i>
JUST LIKE THIS	Bess Devine Jewell 334
FUNLAND	
BANDANA	Mildred Plew Merryman 335
	<i>Illustrations by John Gee Curley</i>
PUZZLE—FIND LITTLE NELL'S GRANDFATHER	Helen Hudson 337
PLAYS AND PAGEANTS	
THE PIRATE OF POOH	Marjorie Barrows 338
	<i>Illustrations by John Dukes McKee</i>
ADVENTURE STORIES	
GRIMSEL—THE PERFORMING BEAR	Lucy M. Blanchard 342
	<i>Illustrations by E. R. Kirkbride</i>

OUR WORKSHOP	A. Neely Hall 345
NURSERY NUGGETS	
THE CARELESS BUMBLEBEE	Florence S. Page 346
	<i>Illustrations by Jean Goodwin</i>
PARENTS' PAGE	Clara Ingram Judson 348
CHILD LIFE KITCHEN	
BUTTERED ASPARAGUS	Clara Ingram Judson 351
	<i>Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal</i>
VACATION	Mary Carolyn Davies 352
THE BUMBLEBEE	Pauline Adams 358
THE QUEST	Clinton Scollard 358
GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE	361
JUST AROUND OUR CORNER	Augusta Huiell Seaman 363
	<i>Illustrations by Alice Carsey</i>
OUR BOOK FRIENDS	Avis Freeman Meigs 369
THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHIP	Marion Caddell 370
WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO	Ruth Bradford 371
	<i>Drawing by Milo Winter</i>
YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S	Marie Driggs 374
THE ELEGANT ELEPHANT	John Dukes McKee 375
JOY GIVERS' CLUB	377

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MADE IN U. S. A.



Another Story about Jack

YOU'VE all heard how Jack killed the Giant by cutting down the bean-stalk that time. Well, I'm going to tell you another story about Jack and a different Giant.

One fine morning Jack was walking through a thick, dark forest, when suddenly he heard footsteps coming—clump, clump, clump! Sure enough, it was a Giant! He was saying that fee-fi-fo-fum thing that Giants always say, in a very gruff, angry voice.

"I'm not afraid of you!" shouted Jack, and he sprang out at the Giant suddenly, swinging at him with his sword. The Giant fought back, but not for long. Jack went after him with might and main, and after a terrible struggle he struck the Giant so hard that he fell down dead.

I suppose you wonder how a little fellow like Jack could get the best of a great big Giant. Well, here's the secret. The Giant was awfully big, but he wasn't very strong—because he didn't eat the right kind of food! On the other hand, Jack, although he was a little fellow, was strong and sturdy—all because he did eat the right kind of food.

Nowadays, there aren't any more Giants to kill, but of course you want to be just as strong and sturdy as Jack was. And that means that you must remember to eat the right kind of food every day!

Grape-Nuts is just the kind of good food that will help to make you healthy and strong. It tastes delicious, too. And it's such a nice crisp food that you'll like to chew it—and chew-

ing, you know, helps to keep your teeth and gums strong and sound. Ask your Mother to get you some Grape-Nuts today! You'll love it!

MOTHERS! Grape-Nuts is an unusually valuable food. It contributes to the body vitally important elements of nutrition—dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is a delicious, admirably balanced ration to aid the child's health and growth.

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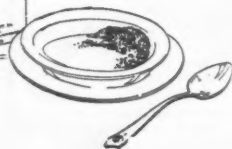
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JUNE DAYS

JUNE knows how to make a day
That gives a fellow time to play!

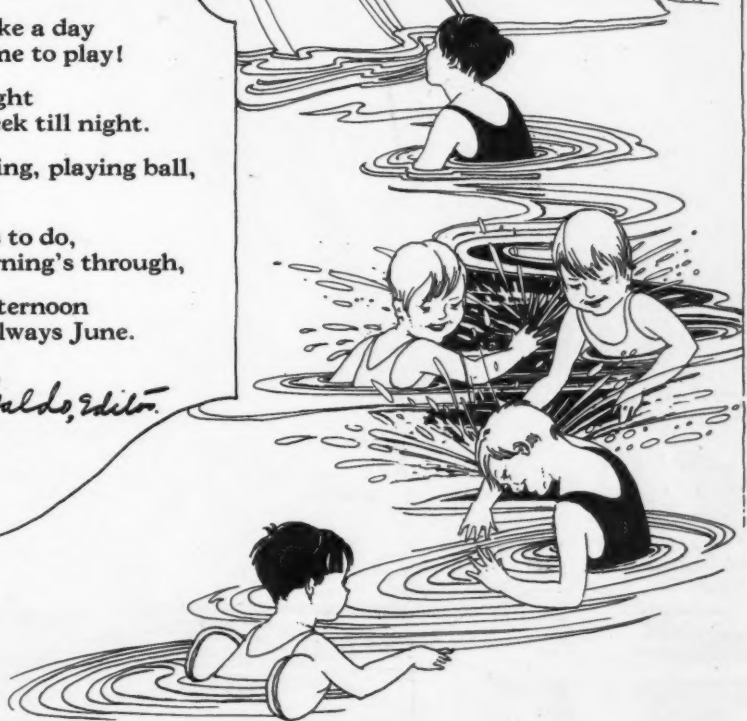
It starts in early to be light
And then it's 'most a week till night.

There's time for swimming, playing ball,
Riding horses, doing all

The things a fellow likes to do,
And that before the morning's through,

Then time to read all afternoon
And wish the year was always June.

Rose Waldo, Editor.





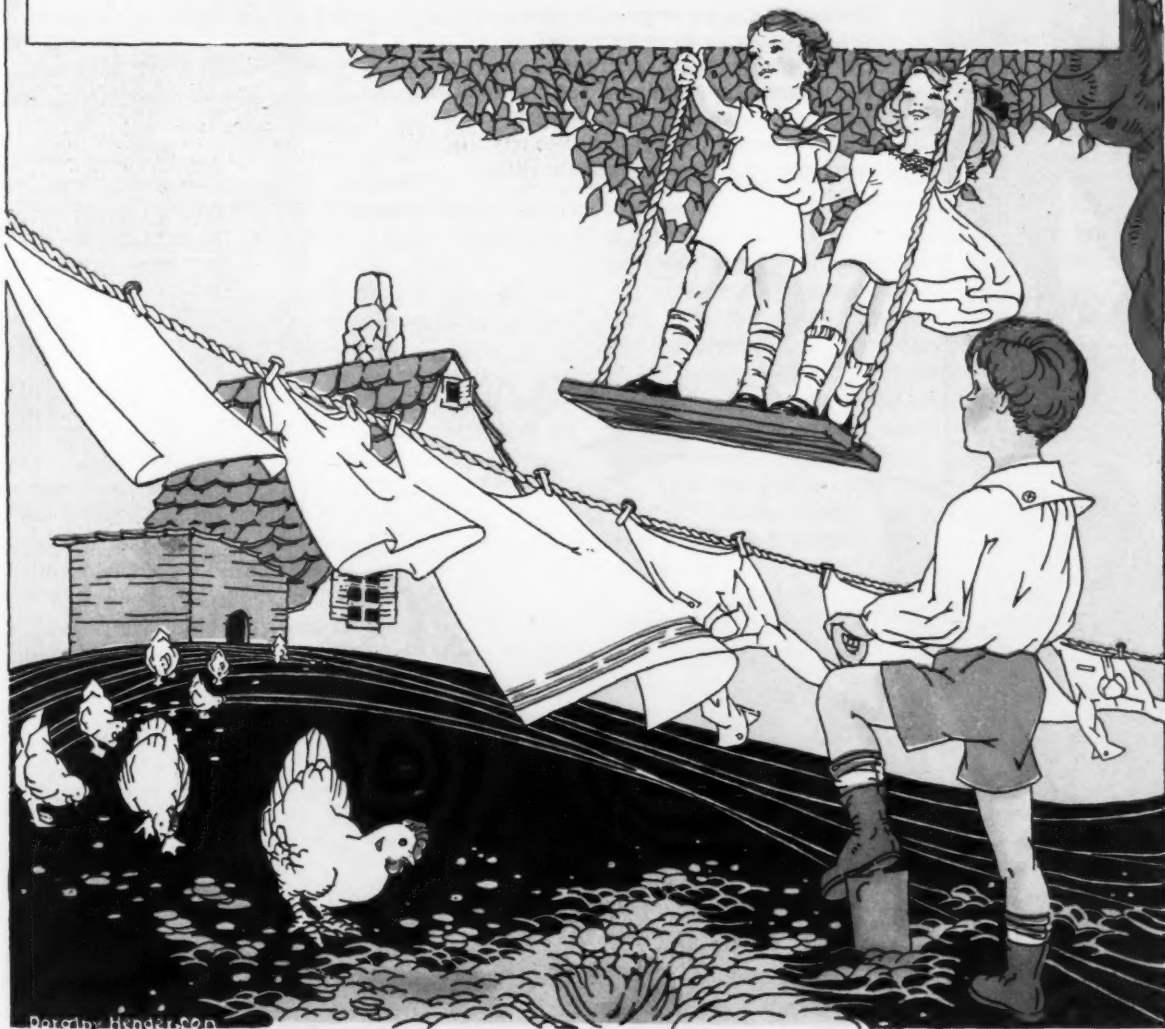
THE PIRATE

SIDDIE JOE JOHNSON

I HAVE been a pirate bold, and I have been a sailor,
And I have sailed my swing-boat to some ancient sea-song's measure.
I had for my companions a princess and a tailor,
And swung across the Front Yard Sea to search for buried treasure.

We moored upon the Back Yard Isle, and climbed the Henhouse Mountain
To spy the land for cross-marked trees and pirates worse than we.
I saw a palm a-waving; and the princess found a fountain;
And the tailor saw a cross-mark on the old mulberry tree.

The tree was low and shady, and the berries black and sweet.
We dug and dug with shovels until we could dig no more.
We found a wooden dagger; we found a gay tin fleet;
We found a little teapot—where we'd hidden them before.



A PRAIRIE BOY

CLINTON SCOLLARD

IF I were but a prairie boy
I'd have a big horse for a toy;
To ride and ride and ride all day
Would be the finest kind of play.
When night came swooping down I'd make
A shelter from the windy lake
And build my camp, and have a fire,
And all the food I might desire,
For I should know just how to cook
As scouts do in a story book.

Since all the Indians now are tame
I'd have no fear if any came,
But say, "hulloa," and bid them share
Before the fire my prairie fare;
And if coyotes were to prowl
I'd laugh at them, and let them howl.
I'd watch the stars and see them blink
In skies above as black as ink;
Then of sound sleep I'd take my fill,
And dream of being Buffalo Bill.



ELEANOR DUKE



THE THRILL OF THIMBLE CAMP

THE 3:15 express swung in a deep curve and was out of sight. The six boys, dangling their legs from a baggage truck, watched the smoke trail it had left. It was the twelfth of June. School was over and all vacation lay ahead of them. Yet they were dejected. That train was carrying with it a dozen of their comrades to an expensive boys' camp in the White Mountains.

Slim wriggled over a little and picked up between deft toes a cast-off circular descriptive of Camp Ochicumweekee. Holding it close to his nose he read aloud: "Radio in every tent—riding-masters—life guards—"

The boys pondered over their situation for some time. Then Andy's face brightened.

"Why can't *we* go camping?" he demanded. "Nothing special to do until haying. We could get in a regular camping trip by then."

"And take bacon and a frying pan and some of this ready-mixed flour for pancakes!" Cupe chimed in joyfully.

But the more practical Nick objected. "We couldn't get to the White Mountains and back, the way I'd have to go, before snow flies."

"Who said White Mountains?" cried Andy as his idea began to take shape. "I know a dandy place, with a mill pond and everything, about half a day's hike from here. It wouldn't cost us anything except what we'd eat. There's the millshed where Slim could hang his best clothes, and over a ways is a farmhouse for milk and eggs, and the fishing is dandy. We could build a raft—"

"Where is it? Let's start!" the boys cried.

And a day later they did start, an odd-looking troop, each with his own idea of what a boy's camping needs were, each with a joyous freedom in his heart.

Perhaps Slim Davis felt the freedom and the joy most. He had had no idea his mother would let him go. He was the "man of

By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

the house" and with him gone it would be pretty hard

for her to manage the chores alone. But she proved to be a good sport and was willing.

In many ways Slim seemed to be at a disadvantage. He was slender and below the average in height. He was "bookish" in his tastes and the best student in his class. Not only that but he had a certain fastidiousness about his dress and manners which set him apart from the rest. In spite of this, there was something so genuine about Slim that the boys seldom excluded him from their activities.

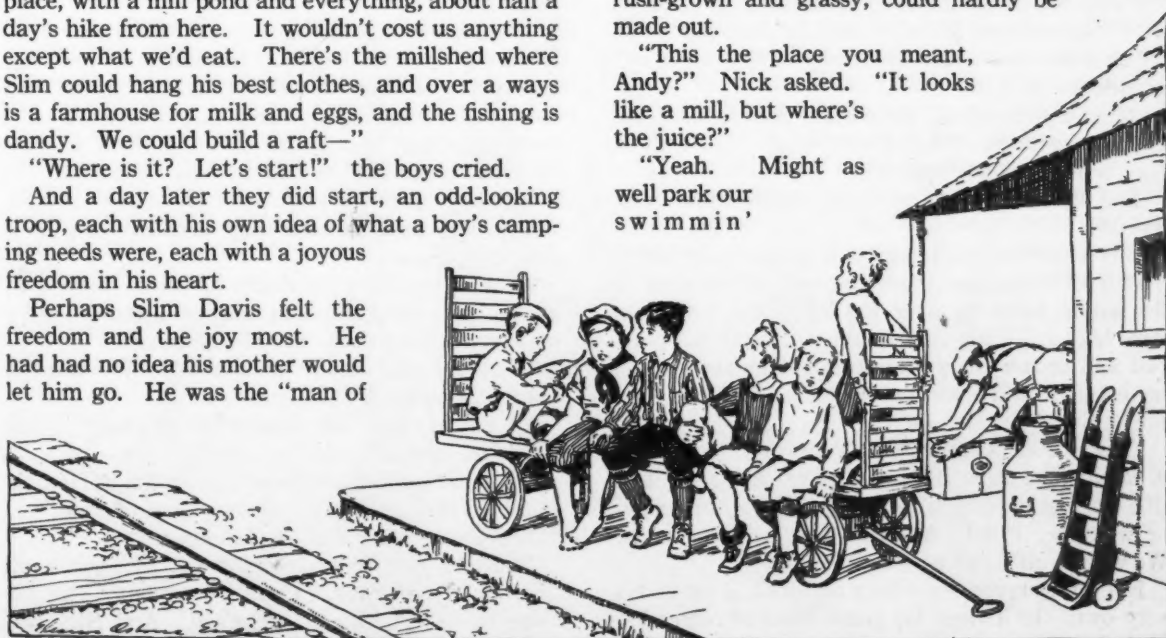
So now he was on the road with them, and at four o'clock, more footsore than any of them would have admitted, they neared their goal.

"Well, now, isn't that a pond?"

Nick and Tim were the first to reach it and they viewed the scene in disgust. An ancient water wheel, flanked by a dilapidated gristmill, loomed above them. It was warped and weatherworn, its lower paddles kept slimy with moss by a heartless drip of water from the millrace. There was further dripping and trickling all along the leaky little dam, for the millstream was gentleness itself in the summer and the dam was no obstacle to worry it. There was nothing that really could be called a "pond." The banks of the original basin, rush-grown and grassy, could hardly be made out.

"This the place you meant, Andy?" Nick asked. "It looks like a mill, but where's the juice?"

"Yeah. Might as well park our swimmin'





suits." Bill tried to make his voice sound jovial, but it ended dismally.

Slim wanted to say something comforting, but he was quite at a loss. This was so different from the campingplace he had lain awake half the night thinking about.

No one was more disappointed than Andy himself. From his memory of it there was plenty of water here, and a rush over the millrace that was positively thrilling. Of course, he was only a little tad when his folks moved away from the neighborhood, but it didn't seem as though it needed to have changed quite so much.

Cupe swatted viciously at a mosquito that had never before come upon such possibilities for a square meal. Whole swarms of the pests were beginning to arrive. Slim took out a fresh clean handkerchief and fanned himself briskly.

"We can't stay, I guess," Andy admitted, crestfallen. "I sort of hate to go back, though."

"It might be drained," Slim suggested loyally. "It's the low water makes the mosquitoes so thick—"

"Tisn't either, it's me," contradicted Bill.

"And how can you drain it any more than it is?" questioned Nick.

After a moment of pondering, Slim offered the opposite solution. "I tell you what! Let's mend the dam and flood them out."

The idea met with no great enthusiasm. Tim yawned.

But Slim went on, talking and pointing excitedly. "With all these loose stones around, all we need to do is pile them up over the holes and build the dam higher. Then the stream will flood the pond bed and drown the mosquitoes and maybe there'll be enough water for swimming and a raft and everything."

Cupe shook his head. "It's too much work and it would take more than that to get a thrill out of this old dam. Remember about Ochippicumweepy, or whatever it is? A thrill every day in camp? We want thrills, not trouble."

But Andy favored the idea and took it up as his very own. In it there lay possibilities of redeeming

himself in his comrades' eyes. He had led them to this forsaken spot, and if he could keep them busy they might forgive him. One by one they agreed that it might be fun to fix the place up.

That settled, Cupe unwrapped his precious folding stove and began rattling aluminum mess kits temptingly.

"The fellow that doesn't bring in some good firewood doesn't get any chow." He laid down the law. "And you needn't stop to change your clothes, Slim. Those will do."

Suspicion had been noised around that Slim had brought a change of wearing apparel. Everyone snickered good-naturedly when he solemnly promised that he would remain in his present attire until bedtime. None of them, even Nick who knew him best, could tell just what to make of Slim. Sometimes they thought he was secretly laughing at them, that his serious manner was all on the exterior, a sort of barrage laid down that under it he might have his own enjoyment of the way they felt toward him.

Then again they decided he was absolutely lacking in a sense of humor. Imagination, yes. He had plenty of that. It would take imagination even to consider carrying an extra suit of clothes on a camping trip! But really to bring them along—that was proof that he had no sense of humor.

The boys scattered now, like dust before a broom, and in less than an hour they were enjoying their first camp cookery.

Later, when their mess kits had been washed at choice leaks along the dam, they gathered around a smudgy evening camp fire for "business."

"First of all," Andy announced, "We want a name for our pond and camp."

"A name! For that thimblefull of water?" Bill closed his eyes sadly.

"Thimble isn't so bad!" exclaimed Tim. "Thimble Pond. Thimble Camp. Sounds kind of nice."

And so the name was decided upon.

"Officers next," Andy went on. "There's no question about cook. Couldn't anybody else fill Cupe up except himself, so he's *it*. And Nick can

be handicraft director. He'll have to boss the section gang on the dam to-morrow. That'll take handicraft. But what about me?"

It was finally decided that Andy should be manager of the camp, while Tim, with his ready advice, should be counsellor of boys. Bill, who was soundly and noisily asleep by this time, was elected director of camp music. Only Slim was left.

He waited expectantly for his appointment. He'd like to be something important. Maybe they had forgotten him.

"What'll we do with Slim?" Nick asked.

Andy looked him over, from the sleek brown hair to the white toes digging nervously about in the grass.

"What else do they have at camps?"

"Life guards," prompted Cupe, and a howl of pleasure went up from the others, all expert swimmers, all bigger than Slim.

"You can't swim, can you?"

"Sure I can." Slim straightened. Give him a chance and he could show them!

"All right. You're life guard. If you see any of us dipping for the third time, it'll be your job to pull us out. Understand?"

Slim nodded. He wondered if they were really joking.

"We'd have a hard time going down once in Thimble Pond!" Tim laughed, still doubtful of the possibilities of damming the stream and still feeling the sting of disappointment. "We aren't likely to get that much of a thrill out of this trip."

Slim spent a miserable half hour before he went to sleep that night. He wished he were brilliant and ready-tongued like the others. But he wasn't. He was just Slim. They had even assigned him to a ridiculous duty. Life guard on a mill stream that any of the boys could jump across!

The next thing he knew, it was morning. He stole softly out of his bedding and went to the stream for a wash-up. He combed and brushed his hair and dressed in his usual immaculate manner. Then he sat down with a pencil and a sheet of greasy paper and began to figure. He'd

be ready, anyhow, in case they should sometime need his help.

Andy and Nick saw him there when they awakened.

"My land! I believe the boy sat up all night so's not to get his clothes out of press. What you doing, Slim?"

"Figuring," Slim answered, and a moment later he was sorry. Why hadn't he said, "Eating turnips," or "Sliding down hill," as Tim would have? The boys were curious and Slim was honest.

"Oh, it's just a little life-saving device—" He blushed at the hearty laugh that arose from the two throats, a laugh that awakened the cook and counselor, and put an end to his figuring for that day.

Work was started on the dam right after breakfast and it progressed, literally by leaps and bounds. The old holes were plugged up with sod and stones, the top was put in line, and by supper time there was an extra two feet of strong construction added to its height.

By then the tiny mill stream had begun to fret a good deal about it. It crept to its old crannies and was turned back. It crept higher to new ones, and was turned back. Discouraged, it spread out, little by little, in the lake bed it had once known.

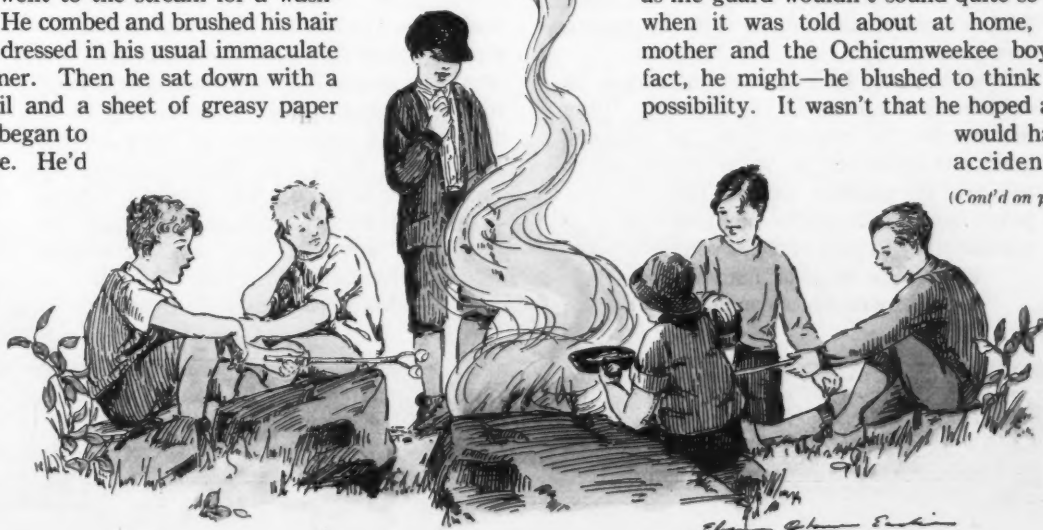
The boys couldn't help being pleased at their work, but they were tired, too. A thunder shower threatened and though Bill insisted that it was hot and dark and stupid there, they made ready to spend the night in the old gristmill shed.

"Wish we had a lantern," Slim remarked, vainly trying to sort his wearing apparel in the dark.

"Wish it wasn't so stuffy!" "And spooky!"—"I'm awfully tired!" With these and similar weary complaints the boys at last dropped off to sleep. All but Slim. He was wondering about the mill stream.

It began to rain softly, a faint patter-patter, on the old, old shingles. Perhaps they would have a swimming pool out there, after all. That would mean that his office as life guard wouldn't sound quite so foolish when it was told about at home, to his mother and the Ochicumweeke boys. In fact, he might—he blushed to think of the possibility. It wasn't that he hoped anyone would have an accident and

(Cont'd on page 376)



MUSIC IN JUNE

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LLB.

*Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and
Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago; President
of the Society of American Musicians*

WHEN the Greeks of olden times pictured the loveliest month in the year, they carved or painted the face and form of Juno, the Greek goddess, after whom the month of June was named. Juno was a most beautiful woman and was worshiped as the Queen of Heaven and Goddess of Marriage. The poets have had all this in mind when they have sung, "June is a jewel, the gem among months."

In many ancient pictures Juno has, as a special messenger, the lovely Iris who was swift, and as colorful as the rainbow. Indeed, she was the rainbow itself—so the Greeks said—in the form of a young girl. Look over the sky during a showery June day and you will see, at least, her trailing robes of glorious colors—red, yellow, green, blue and violet—leaving behind them the promise of happiness. When next you see the iridescent Iris flower in a garden or by a waterfall, you will remember her name—sake, Miss Rainbow.

But without music, the real spirit and associations of June could not be expressed, for this month of roses may mean graduation from grammar school or high school; or it may mean the month when sister or brother is to be married. Best of all, it means boating or canoeing with Father on some lake or stream, under sunny skies, or under a new moon.

All sorts of June hopes, memories, or experiences are yours for the listening. They are painted in musical tones by masters, great and small, in soft water colors, and in brilliant oil paints; but all the paints are sounds, not colors, and tell the story to your ear, not your eye. The joyous marches played by orchestra or piano

at graduation time are musical oil paintings, and can never be mistaken as they march you along toward vacation. Such a march Sir Edgar Elgar, the famous Englishman, gave us when he wrote "Pomp and Circumstance." The list of great marches is as jolly as June itself—the "Coronation March" by the brilliant Meyerbeer; the "March and Soldier's Chorus" from the best known of all operas, "Faust," by the Frenchman, Gounod; the "March" from "Athalia" by the melodious Mendelssohn, who wrote the prettiest spring song ever written, the "March" from the noble opera of "Tannhauser" by Richard Wagner, who also wrote the music most often played before the marriage ceremony. It is from his opera of "Lohengrin." And we must not forget the gorgeous marches by Verdi, the famous Italian composer of "Il Trovatore." He wrote, too, a "Triumphal March" for his famous opera of "Aida," which I am sure you will, sometime, see and hear, for it is as popular as it is beautiful.

Berlioz, the Frenchman, admired a very stirring march which the Hungarian people sing as a popular song, called the "Rakoczy March," after one of the great men of their country (just as we might have a "George Washington March," you know); so Berlioz made this Hungarian tune into a masterpiece of beautiful tones, in which horns and trumpets, drums and fife, stringed and wood wind instruments enter like charging white horses in the tournaments of King Arthur. And, lastly, don't ever forget the military march by the young Franz Schubert, who gave us, too, the "Serenade" and the "Unfinished Symphony." The "March Militaire"—as it is called—



is a living motion picture of gayety and glitter, and once heard is never forgotten.

And what about June wedding music? Sister, brother, or friend could hardly have a really-truly wedding without music. About this, poet, peasant, and composer, have long agreed, and so Mendelssohn, Wagner, Jensen, Goldmark, Sodermann and many, many musicians have written beautiful wedding music—music that is pure and lovely, music that is rapturous and soaring, music that is marchy and brilliant.

All these musical paintings of June activities may be found on phonograph records, or they may be purchased in simple but beautiful arrangements for piano or organ alone, or for violin and piano. To know them as friends will make you happier, and healthier too, for strong rhythmic music is a tonic.

But, best of all, music about June is the story, in tone, of its roses, its fields, and woodlands, its moonlight on the waters. This is a story that Music can tell better than any of her sister muses. (Do you know her eight sisters who encourage and protect the arts, Poetry, Dancing and the others?) Folk-peoples all over the world, who could not set down a note of music themselves, have made up and remembered hundreds of songs and dances in praise of this month of Juno, Queen of Heaven. This folk music, as it is called, is as many-colored as Iris, the Rainbow Girl, especially when sung and danced to the accompaniment of picturesque native instruments such as the Irish harp, the Scotch bagpipe, the Norwegian fele (a fiddle made by the country people), and the Russian balalaika, a large guitar.

What beautiful boat songs we have to choose from! Tschaiowsky, the Russian whose name is not a bit hard to pronounce,

has written a Barcarolle (boat song, one to be "sung on the water") called "June." Rubinstein, Chopin, Moskowski, Schubert and Mendelssohn—each have been inspired by June in its tranquil moods. Two of our American composers have painted water-colors-in-tones of June. Ethelbert Nevin, whose "Narcissus" is so well fitted for this month, presents a lovely "Barcarolle"; and the highly gifted Charles Griffes has written "The Lake At Evening," which is really the heart of a June evening put into music. June is surely the month for "songs of the paddle"—as they are called.

Boys and girls everywhere love "God's out-of-doors." So do the Indians, and the French Canadian guides and voyagers. They sing to the rhythm of paddle and wave. The Ojibways sing their lovely song, "My Bark Canoe," which you surely will love in Frederick Burton's arrangement. The French Canadians give us one of the best of all June songs. In their language it is called "V'la l'bon vent," but in English the title is "Here's Good Wind." Don't sing this rollicking song before school closes or you will be tempted to play "hooky" and go canoeing to the Land of Laughing Water, to the country of the red man.

The voice, the flute, the guitar, the harp—these are the best music-makers for a night in June, upon moonlit waters. But for the spirit and the gaiety of June commencements and June weddings you have, as I have shown you, the best masters of every country from which to choose. These master-musicians found the same joy in the beauty and freedom of June that you are finding to-day. This treasure-house of marches, dances, songs, and barcarolles belongs to you children. Now *knock*, and the treasury shall be opened unto you.



JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

Pudgy and Red were helping the balloon man at the circus. He gave them each so many that they were almost lifted off their feet and up into the air—

JUST LIKE THIS



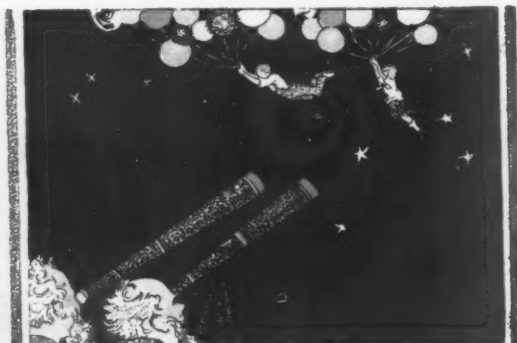
"Wish we could go up to the stars," said Pudgy, "and see what they are, bet we'd find they were balloons—colored balloons. Venus a blue one and Mars a red one—

JUST LIKE THIS



"The astronomers would see our balloons and think they had discovered new stars and that people lived on them—Ha, ha! And we would be the people—

JUST LIKE THIS



"And if we'd get hungry we'd find the big and little dipper that teacher told us about. You could have the big one and I'd take the little one—

JUST LIKE THIS



"Then we'd stroll gracefully down the Milky Way which most likely is an avenue of bottled milk. Now and then we'd stop and help ourselves"—

JUST LIKE THIS



"How would we come down again Pudgy?" "O!" said Pudgy, "On a shooting star, which is probably a bursted balloon. We'd wish on it, too—wish we'd land feet first"—

JUST LIKE THIS





■ BANDANA ■

By MILDRED PLEW
MERRYMAN

Author of "Bonbon and Bonbonette"

W H A T
do you
suppose?

There is a
story about a
goose which has
never been told!

It is a story

about a goose and a king and no telling *who else*, for that is the fun of stories; you can never be sure for a minute, who next may be coming alive.

In the good old days when geese were geese and kings were truly kings, there lived in the land of Popsindoodle a goose by the name of Bandana. Bandana was the wisest goose in all the world. She was so wise, indeed, that she did not even have to wear spectacles. Once, however, you had seen her waddle, you would have guessed the truth.

When this story begins, Bandana had lived for a long time in the king's castle. She was, in fact, his chief adviser. You see, old King Calico, being a fat old king, had also rather a jolly waddle himself; thus he and Bandana from the first had had a great deal in common. Added to this, Bandana from the very beginning had made herself helpful in so many ways that now he could no longer do without her.

For example, old King Calico, as it happened, had never from childhood been good at arithmetic; so usually by the end of the week the affairs of the kingdom were in a terrible muddle. Thus it had become the custom for Bandana to meet with the king every Saturday night for arithmetic and refreshments.

Such hours as they spent together—those two! Often, late of a wintry evening when the throne room grew chilly, they used to betake themselves to the castle kitchen and there, in front of the open fire, while the great logs sank and shifted and old King Calico puffed upon his pipe, Bandana sat at his feet with her feathers tucked up and figured and figured. And afterward, when Bandana had put away her slate, they sat quietly together, talking wisely of many things. Now there were three subjects which interested them particularly:

The signs of the zodiac,
The laws of hereditaments
And tiddly wink.

Best of all they liked tiddly wink. Sometimes when they had sat for a whole minute, just thinking, Bandana would turn to the king and say in rhyme—always in rhyme:

"Pray tell me, sir, in twice a twink,
Oh, what do you think of tiddly wink,
Of tiddly, diddly, diddly wink,
Of tiddly wink, you know!"

And the king,
in his dignified
way, would re-
ply—also in
rhyme:

"I vow, my
dear, by all
that's pink,

I think it is simply, simply squink!
That's what I think of tiddly wink,
Of tiddly wink! Heigho!"



Thus the argument went on. But sometimes, when the cuckoo clock struck twelve and Bandana had put two apples to roast in the fire and they sat listening for the first sputter, they talked over the time of their first meeting. This was how it had happened:

One afternoon, long before, Bandana had come into the castle with the rest of the Sunday dinner and, when the cook was not looking, being curious by nature, she had wandered out of the kitchen into the long hallway and up the castle stairs. Now, as Bandana passed before a certain tremendous oaken door, she saw two rows of nice, printed letters upon it, and pausing before them she read:

"Please go tippy toe! Take no peeps!
Here's where old King Calico sleeps!"

"Humph!" said Bandana to herself, and barely had she humphed when a fearful groan reached her ear, and before she had time to wonder about it she heard another, and another, and another. From under the door and out the keyhole they came rolling—big groans and little groans and middle-sized groans—all perfectly frightful to the ear.

Now, from earliest goslinghood, Bandana had detested moaning and groaning; so without hesitating she leaned her whole weight against that great door and softly swung it open. There, underneath a big red quilt sat old King Calico groaning with all his might, and round about him stood the butcher, and the baker, and the royal riddle maker, and the parrot, and the poodle and the cat, all groaning as loudly as possible.

"*This*," said Bandana, "*will never do!*" And with her usual presence of mind she hopped straight up on the foot of the red coverlet and surveyed them all.

"King," said Bandana, "what is your trouble? What's your trabubble, my dear?"

But the poor king only rolled over and groaned for answer.

"Baker," said Bandana, "what is his trouble? What's his trabubble, my dear?"

But the baker only groaned in reply, and before

she could continue further, the king's little daughter, the Princess Polkadot, came running out of the corner, where she had been softly weeping to herself, and spoke.

"O wise goose," sobbed Polkadot, "such a terrible thing has befallen my father. He can no longer laugh. Try as he may, ever since last Tuesday, nothing but groans will come out of his mouth. Daily they feed him pellets without number, but he only groans and groans and now the whole castle has caught the habit and there is nothing but unhappiness everywhere. It is a sad enough trouble to come upon common folk, but oh, it's simply fearful when the king can't laugh! You know that Popsindoodle rhyme:

"When the king
can't laugh
The fun goes
fizzle;
The supper
won't sizzle
And the fish won't
fry;
The garden goes
grizzle
And the fountain won't
fizzle
And no little birds
blow by."

"True," said Bandana, "every word of it!" and without more ado, she hopped off the bed, pulled up the shades and let in all the sunshine she could find, of which there happened that summer day to be a good deal. Then firmly she took the king by the arms, groans and all, and boosted him up.

"Calico," said Bandana, "it's your ginger! What your ginger needs is a good jiggling up!"

And with that she brought him his bedroom slippers, and led him out of his stuffy old room, down the castle stairs and out into the garden, while all the folk of Popsindoodle gathered round.

"Oh, great gazoozalum!" murmured the king to Bandana in a whisper, "I've got my mighty on!"

"Never mind," said Bandana, "nobody will notice!"

And as it happened, nobody did, for so splendid and gorgeous was it, it had scarcely the look of a nighty at all.

"Now," said Bandana, "bring out the band!"

Then jingle, jingle, jingle, out came the band, all in red and gold with paint brushes in their hats and their boots a-glitter. Whereupon, whisking out their merriest tunes, they began to play. And minute by minute as the band played, the garden grew lovelier and lovelier; the fountain began to fizz, the birds began to sing, and out of the palace chimney there popped a bright bouquet. Then, as the band

played on, jig went the feet of Popsindoodle, jig went the parrot, the piddle, and the cat; jig went Polkadot round about the garden and jiggle went the ginger of the king! Faster and faster fell the music. Gayer and gayer grew the heart of old King Calico. Jiggle went his slippers on the gravel path! Joggle went slippers and his crown! Then gently he began to bounce. One foot, two feet, three feet, ten feet, up and down and up and down he went just like a balloon, each bounce higher than the last.

Alack, for poor Bandana and her plan! Who would have guessed there would be so much



ginger in one old king?

"Stop the music! Stop the music—quick!" cried Bandana, "before he blows away!"

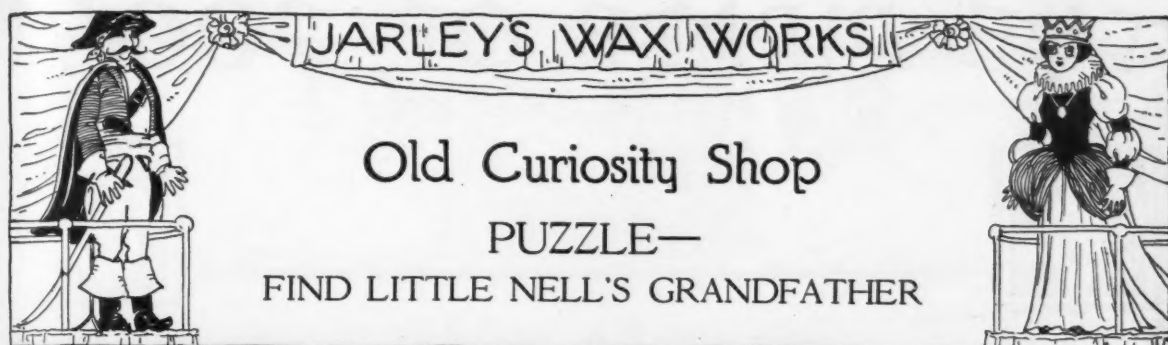
But alas; she was too late. Old King Calico had already bounced gently into an oak tree overhead, and there he sat with his crown over his ear, fairly choking with chuckles of ginger.

"Well," said Bandana, "there's only one way to get him down, and that's a horrid way. Everybody will have to groan just a little bit.

"One, two, three, groan!" cried Bandana, and at that everybody in the garden groaned a little groan. Whereupon, the king slid out of the tree in his dignified way and came slowly drifting back to earth, quite himself again.

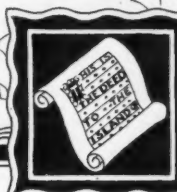
"O wise goose!" cried old King Calico to Bandana, "how can I repay you for what you have done to-day?"

(Continued on page 359)



THE PIRATE OF POOH!

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



INTRODUCING:

ZIP, a Pirate Captain who has retired from active service, and now goes in for Good Form.

HA HA } the Perky Pirates—very retired, too, but just
HE HE } as peppy as ever.
HO HO }

R. }
S. } the Piratettes—the Perky Pirates' sisters.
V. }
P. }

G. WHIZ, otherwise known as the Pirate of Pooh.
You'll learn all about him later.

NANCY }
NED } the children, who are just about *your* age.

The pirates wear fierce-looking black cork mustaches, and bandana hankies twisted around their hair. They swagger around in black, piraty costumes with gay red sashes. ZIP wears a scarlet costume, a plumed hat, a black patch over one eye, and a black court-plaster patch on one cheek. The piratettes wear bright green costumes with puffy bloomers and scarlet sashes, and carry paper parasols to protect their complexions. G. WHIZ wears bright colored patches all over his black pirate suit, and a dainty tea apron around his waist.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP:

An island in Buccaneer Bay with green foliage and bright-colored flowers in the background. To the left is a tree stump on which rests an ironing board and iron and beside which is a basket of clothes and a chafing dish. To the right is a big barrel (which need have no bottom in it). And a few wooden boxes labeled JAM, BEANS and HARD TACK are strewn around in handy spots and make good enough seats for the best of retired pirates.

You and I have plenty of time to look
at everything here before we hear the music.

PIRATETTES (*off-stage, singing twice to the tune of "Baby Farming" in "Pinafore"*):

"We are the Piratettes!
None are so gay as we are—
All clad in bloomerettes—
And no one do we fe-ar!"

[Then G. WHIZ pokes his head slowly over the top of the barrel, in which he has been taking a nap, yawns, makes a funny face, stretches, and disappears inside again.]

PIRATETTES (*dancing on the stage, singing as they dance, to the tune of "I am the Captain of the Pinafore"*):

We are the jolly sort of Piratettes
(And the very latest models, too!)
We almost never tease
And we say a pretty please
To our perky desert island crew.

(*Softly, shaking their forefingers at each other*)

We almost never tease
And we say a pretty please
To you—and you—and you!
For our frisky life (dear me!)
With our dirks and snickersnee,
Is never more to be!



Is never more to be—
We've retired—don't you see?
And we're called

R.
S.
V.
P!

[The head of G. WHIZ bobs up from the barrel, as they sing this song through a second time. He motions for them to hide and they dance off at the left. Then his head pops back and the stage is quiet for a moment. Soon NANCY and NED appear at the right, and both tiptoe shyly in, clutching each other's hand.]

NANCY: I tell you, Ned, this island looks nice and Robinson Crusoe-y, but I'm scared—sort of.

NED: It can't be deserted, Nancy. We heard that singing. And look there—a chafing dish and an ironing board!

NANCY: Goody! Let's find the camper and tell him about our wrecked rowboat. Perhaps he'll help us get back. Mother'll worry if we aren't home in time for dinner.

NED (pulling her back as she starts toward the left exit): Wait, Nancy. Didn't you hear Mr. Jones tell about seeing pirates around here?

NANCY: Pirates! Oh, Ned! There aren't any pirates now-a-days. They aren't the fashion any more!

NED: Sh! We'd better be awful careful, anyway, and—

[He stops speaking, and both children cling tightly to each other, staring in fascinated silence at the head of G. WHIZ, which again pops up over the top of the barrel.]

G. WHIZ (after a moment's pause): I'm very well, thank you. How are you? [He waits in vain for them to answer, and bobs down. Then his head again appears.] Say, what's a six-letter word meaning keg? [After waiting in silence, he bobs down, then pops up once more.] And a four-letter word meaning glance?

NANCY (taking a step forward after exchanging glances with NED): I 'spose the answers are barrel and look—but I didn't know pirates did crossword puzzles!

G. WHIZ (scribbling down the answers): That's it! Well, we do when they are rolled up in bottles like this one and come floating into Buccaneer Bay. Retired pirates like crossword puzzles—and so do the piratettes—when they're searching for the treasure!

NANCY: Retired pirates? Piratettes?

NED (eagerly): What treasure?





G. WHIZ (*climbing out of his barrel, stretching leisurely, and going over to his ironing board where he begins to iron a bandana hanky*): Children-should-be-heard-and-not-seen. Get in the barrel or hide behind it. If the pirates came back and found you here they'd be too bashful for words. [NANCY gets into the barrel and NED hides behind it before G. WHIZ answers their questions.] All of our pirates have retired from active service—and our modern sisters, the piratettes, have, too. They're all perfectly perky, and all they ask is to stay here on this island with all its shade trees and bananas, and good fishing and modern conveniences. But they can't. Not unless they find the treasure by to-night.

NED (*poking his head around the barrel*): What treasure?

G. WHIZ (*bending over his ironing*): Children should-be-heard-but-not-seen. [NED's head goes back.] The treasure is hidden on this island—somewhere. The chest contains our white gloves which are Good Form to wear at tea—we can't have a tea till we find 'em. It contains our peppermint candy—that all pirates, retired or otherwise—love. And it holds the paper deed that shows we own this island. Our landlord says we aren't smart enough to stay here if we can't find it by to-night. And he'll make us take our private brig and move to a bare, lonely island south by southeast of here.

NED (*popping up*): Private brig? P'raps you'll take us home in it first. Our boat got wrecked on those rocks over there.

NANCY (*popping up from the barrel*): We ought to go home. Mother's looking for us. G. WHIZ (*pulling his hands up to hide his eyes*): Children-should-be-heard-but-not—[The children's heads pop down.] We can't take you home for at least two weeks. We'll be too busy packing and unpacking, moving and settling and—

NANCY: But we must get home to-night!

NED: We simply must!

G. WHIZ: You'll have to wait. I have to. (*He pulls out his hanky and wipes his eyes.*)

NANCY: Aren't you happy?

G. WHIZ: I would be if they'd let me really belong to their crew—to fish and hunt and swim and dance with 'em—and not just do all the dish-washing and ironing and cooking. But no, I'm just G. Whiz, the Pirate of Pooh—and this is all they think I'm good for!

NANCY: There! There! Buck up and be a man.

G. WHIZ: I'm not a man—I'm a pirate—the Pirate of Pooh. And I do so want to be a retired pirate with the rest of them.

NED: Why won't they let you?

G. WHIZ: They think I'm not in earnest, so they just give me hard little jobs and tease me. Oh, how they tease me! They say they are just testing my sense of humor and making me lose my sense of rumor (I was an awful gossip when I first came here!) Oh, if I could only find the treasure chest! Then we wouldn't have to move. I'm afraid they won't even let me move with them or cook for 'em. Then I'll lose my last chance of being a perky pirate—retired!





[He sobs noisily in his hanky.]

NANCY: There, there, now. They'll be nice to you someday and let you join their crew. See if they don't! And we'll help you find that treasure.

[The PIRATES' singing is heard off-stage.]

G. WHIZ (excitedly): Here they come! Here they come! As I told you, retired pirates are so shy and Captain Zip is the most bashful one of all. Quick! Hide! And then I'll try to break it to 'em gently that you're here.

[The children's heads disappear and G. WHIZ goes on with his ironing. Then the PIRATETTES and the PERKY PIRATES enter, singing.]

PIRATETTES AND PIRATES (to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw"):

Avast! Belay! Heave to! Yo ho!
We've sailed the Seven Seas, you know,
But anchored here—with treasure near—
For all us quirky-perky pirates-O!

[As they sing it through a second time they begin to tease G. WHIZ, tickling him, chucking him under the chin, and pulling his hair playfully. He tries to dodge them and keeps exclaiming, "Oh, stop it! Don't tease! No fair tickling! Stop! Ooooooooo! I've got something to tell you!" Enter ZIP, with a swagger.]

ZIP: Shiver my timbers! By the great Davy Jones! What's this? [All turn and stand at attention.] Well, you may all be quirky pirates. And you may all be perky pirates. But you're not work-y pirates unless you spend every single second digging for that treasure. We'll all have to live on that poky island over there, you know, if we don't find it to-day. And we can't ever serve tea without those white gloves. Off with you!

[The PIRATES AND PIRATETTES pick

up shovels and picks in a corner, and scurry off the stage to the left again, crying, "Ay, ay, Captain Zip! Ay, ay, sir!" As soon as they disappear we hear them singing their song again.]

G. WHIZ (stepping up to ZIP who is seated on a box at the left, with his head in his hand): Captain Zip, will—will—will—

ZIP (looking up): Off with you!

G. WHIZ: Yes, but will you please make 'em stop teasing me and let me join your crew!

ZIP: Don't bother me now. As soon as you show me you're a perky pirate, why, you can join our crew. Until then—cook and scrub—and dig!

G. WHIZ (looking toward the barrel): Captain Zip, I have some news to break to you. To-day—

ZIP: Don't bother me now. Off with you!

G. WHIZ: But—

ZIP: Off with you! Hurry!

[G. WHIZ, with one last look at the barrel, picks up a shovel and hurries after the PIRATES.]

ZIP (to himself): Ho! Hum! I'll just rest a bit and read. [He opens a big book he is carrying and reads aloud in a sing-songy voice]:

Perfect pirates show no fears,
Always wash behind their ears,
Always tidy up and say
"Thank you" twenty times a day;
Perfect pirates all are good,

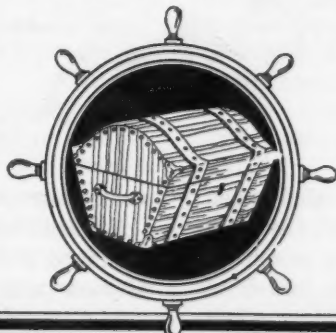
Wear their rubbers when they should;

They are very generous folk.
Almost always see a joke;
They're polite to all their band
Rise when ladies enter and—"

NANCY (bobbing her head up out of the barrel): Ahem!

ZIP (rising quickly and looking very embarrassed): I—I—I

(Continued on page 356)



GRIMSEL—THE PERFORMING BEAR

By LUCY M. BLANCHARD

Author of "Chico, The Story of a Homing Pigeon,"
"A Little Singing Bird," "Carita," "Carita's
New World," "Joan's California Summer,"
"Bede, The Story of a Canny Log," etc.

IT WAS a modest little house in far-off Switzerland, but was well known to the tourists who came in great coaches over the Alps from Italy. Those were the days of prancing horses, cracking whips and winding horns!

It stood at a turn in the road and was a station where horses could be fed and watered. Grandfather Hans had built it years before and, while the old man put on a shoe or mended the harness, the passengers would go wild over the carvings on display in the window.

At the time of our story the little house belonged to Hans, the grandson. Here he lived with his wife, Elsa, their two children, and the old grandmother.

He, too, was a woodcarver, and all he thought of was to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, making a living by caring for the horses and selling to travelers the products of his skill.

Carl, the boy, was nearly six years of age and had dark eyes and hair. He would sit by his father's side for hours, watching breathlessly as he worked with the delicate tools.

By the end of the season there would be dozens of bears, finished and waiting for the tourists whom the summer time would surely bring. There were clumsy mother bears, fierce fighting bears, dancing bears, tiny ones fit for nothing but to be used for bangles or hang from charm strings, big, dignified fellows with paws outstretched.

Katrina, a year younger than her brother, had blue eyes and flaxen hair that was braided in two tight little pigtails. She liked best to help her mother mix the dough for the kuchen which was always a special treat.

In the winter, the little house would be almost buried in the deep drifts and they were always glad when springtime came. By the end of March the snow would be fast disappearing, little kids would be seen skipping by their mothers' sides and droll old chaps of bears, gaunt and thin from their winter's fasts, shambled down the mountain-



slopes, often accompanied by little fuzzy wuzzy cubs that found it difficult to keep their balance. The birds in the tree tops twittered love notes, and the tinkling cow bells were heard on every side.

The pipers began piping, and wandering minstrels trudged from place to place with big bass fiddles on their backs, for everywhere young feet were itching to join in the dance.

It chanced, one morning, Carl was sent to the hills to gather blueberries. After an hour or so, with overflowing

pail, he started homeward, yodelling happily:

"One by one, I pick them,
Berries fine and sweet.
Big ones, blue and juicy,
They're surely good to eat!"

Hark! a low, whining cry! Setting the pail on the ground, he looked around. Where could it have come from? He saw nothing save a few goats on the hillside, some feeding on the tender grass, others bleating to their young. He must have been mistaken and he went on:

"One by one, I pick them,
Berries fine and —"

There it was again—a plaintive whimper that went straight to his heart. And then he saw a fuzzy little head in a hollow tree.

At once, he knew it was a bear cub, and surmised the mother must have been killed by some hunter. As he was not a very big boy he was just a tiny bit afraid, and probably would have gone on if he had not instinctively realized that the cry was not merely one of lonesomeness and hunger, but that there was a note of pain as well.

His sympathy was aroused, and going to the tree he gathered the little yellow ball in his arms, saying: "I'm sorry for you, baby bear! Did a big gun

make your mother dead, and leave you all alone?"

Evidently the cub had barely escaped being killed, for a drop of blood, oozing from the right ear, showed where a bullet had glanced by, tearing off the tip.

As Carl tenderly wiped it away, the fuzzy wuzzy thing gratefully licked his face with his soft tongue,





thereby cementing the bond between the boy and pet.

It was no wonder he forgot all about the pail of blueberries, and hastened home as fast as he could with the little head nestled confidently against his breast.

Elsa was hard at work pressing snowy white curds, and it was Katrina who first caught sight of her brother with his strange burden and cried out, excitedly, "If here isn't Carl with a baby bear!"

"Baby bear!" snapped Elsa, her nerves at tight tension; "as if I hadn't enough to do without a miserable cub to be always under my feet!"

But Granny had caught sight of the bright eyes and exclaimed, "A bear cub! How nice! Give it to me and let me rub some goose grease on his torn ear."

Thus the little fellow became a member of the family, and it was not long before he had won his way into all their hearts.

It was Hans who suggested the name of Grimsel, after one of the passes, and as no one could think of anything better, Grimsel the cub remained.

It was astonishing how he thrived. He would play with a pillow for hours, and was the special care of the old gray cat. He would follow Carl about his chores and learned many an amusing trick.

As he grew older, he would stand on his hind legs and, taking a milk bottle in his paws, would drain it with a look of ecstasy in his funny little eyes. The chickens were afraid of him, and would scatter in every direction when he struck out at them with his paws.

But the thing that delighted him most was to have the tourists come. At first sound of winding horn up would go his ears, and away he would scamper to the roadside to be ready to welcome the big touring car as soon as it rounded the curve.

Then, as the travelers clambered out, he would be everywhere at once, biting their feet, or standing in an effort to gain their attention.

When they inquired of the children what kind

of a dog he was, Carl or Katrina would answer hesitatingly, "He's a—pet—bear!"

Then, invariably, they would repeat, "A bear!" in a terrified tone. At once the men would try to push him away with their stout alpenstocks, and often the women, in a kind of panic, would clamber up on the chairs. But when no disaster resulted and Hans had explained that he was indeed as gentle as a puppy dog, they would lose their fears, and sometimes even stoop to pet him, while Elsa and Katrina hustled in the kitchen to bring the travelers a bit of bread and cheese, for they were always hungry after their long ride.

Then, as the horn wound and the whip cracked, off they would go with waving handkerchiefs, and many a backward look at Carl and Katrina who, with Grimsel, stood in the roadway and watched them out of sight.

Grimsel slept in the little shed with the goat, and must have been a sore trial to the patient creature, for he was awake before daybreak, trying to play, and biting Uli's slender black legs.

It must have been nearly November when Grimsel left them for his winter's sleep. As you may imagine, Carl was lonesome enough without his little companion; the goat bleated for very loneliness, and the old gray cat went about looking as if she had lost her favorite kitten.

While the bear cub slept in his snug hole, Carl went steadily to school. He was determined to learn to carve and was ever on the alert for odd bits of wood which would serve his purpose.

One evening he mentioned his ambition to his father. Hans was delighted and, as he patted the dark head, said, "Very well. We shall begin at once."

For weeks there were only discarded bits of wood to show for the boy's efforts but, finally, the shapeless pieces began to assume form, and one evening his father cried, "Ah! you have a bear at last." Suddenly, however, his face changed, and he threw it down angrily: "But how is this, my son? The

right ear is not perfect. No one would buy a bear with a botched ear. Tell me, will you never learn to be careful?"

At this change of tone the boy's face grew scarlet. Tears welled to his eyes. He choked, but could not speak.

In his disappointment, Hans had raised his voice so that even Granny, from her corner, heard the harsh reproach. For a moment she said nothing, then she suddenly understood, and interrupted. "Wait, Hans; perhaps the boy is right!" she told him.

"Right!" he answered, indignantly, "right! has he not spoiled his first good bit of work by his clumsiness? No, he will never be a carver! I doubt if it be worth while for him to longer try!"

The big tears overflowed Carl's eyes and fell upon his little red hands. He wanted to speak, to defend himself, but somehow could not, for the words refused to come. For all we know, this might have been the end of the lessons if Granny had not gone on, in her cracked voice:

"Tell me, has not Grimsel a jagged ear? Methinks our boy had in his mind to make a carving of his pet!"

Carl flashed a look of gratitude at the old woman as Hans turned to him quickly: "Tell me, is it true? Did you, indeed, think to make a perfect carving of your cub?"

He nodded dumbly, and his father went on with a note of exultation in his voice: "Then, indeed, it is good! I was mistaken. To be perfect is the great thing!" His voice was gentle, and he added: "You were right, my boy. I am proud of you!"

So Carl went, happy, to his loft, resolving never to part with this, his first successful piece of work, but to keep it ever as a mascot. The door to his kingdom had swung open.

The rest of the winter passed swiftly, and with the coming of spring, the members of the little family began to speculate as to when Grimsel would return, after his long sleep.

At last Carl saw a half-grown bear moving uncertainly down the slope. Could this gaunt

creature be Grimsel? He could have cried for joy. Even as he wondered, the bear turned and made straight for the little home, and as he shambled nearer, the right ear caught Carl's attention.

Instantly, with a cry of joy, the boy's arms were around the half-starved pet. "It's you!" he cried, and with that he half led, half dragged him towards the little house, shouting: "Grimsel's come! he's here, all right, but he's starved—do you hear? He's starved—just simply starved! He's got to have everything in the house to eat or he'll die!"

But in this, Carl was mistaken. All the bear wanted was a few swallows of milk and a chance to lie down in his old place in the shed by the goat.

It was not long, however, before he grew stronger, his form filled out, and he was back at his old tricks. Climbing trees for wild honey, crazy over grubs in the bumblebee nests, and sorely trying Elsa's temper as he nosed among her pots and pans in the hope of coming upon some choice tidbit.

Time passed.

Carl was now a slender lad of fourteen. His father had put a modest sign over the door which read: "Hans and Son, woodcarvers," and built a new watering trough for the horses. One could see that times were prosperous.

Katrina, with eyes as blue as cornflowers, and her flaxen braids reaching almost to her waist, was already a favorite at each kermis where she wore the gayest petticoats, and was beginning to join the others in the village dances.

As for Grimsel, he was now a great brown fellow, weighing some two hundred pounds, and was known throughout the scattered canton as the "performing bear."

He was always in great demand at the merry-makings and, when music was loudest, and the sweethearting at its height, some fellow would be sure to call, with a loud guffaw: "The bear! the performing bear! Here, you boy, show your bear!" or a cry from the crowd go up: "The bear! the performing bear! We must have the performing bear!"



(Continued on page 353)



Garden Time

Glorious sunshine—smiling skies—caressing breezes—happy summer days for tiny tots with the Toy Kraft Garden Set!

Mothers will find this unusual wheel-barrow with its attendant tools an ideal summer plaything for small children. It will provide healthy amusement and an incentive which will keep little minds constructively and safely occupied for hours at a time.

Its uniqueness of design and artistic richness

of color will also be a constant source of pleasure to them.

Sturdily built to stand hard knocks and, like every "Toy Kraft" toy, *hand painted* with highest grade enamels and lacquers that are unaffected by repeated washings.

Size of wheel-barrow;—Length 21 inches. Width 7 inches. Height 10 inches.

"Toy-Kraft" Toys are sold by leading toy and department stores, but if you are unable to obtain them locally, write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

THE TOY-KRAFT COMPANY

Factory and Studio
WOOSTER, OHIO



Mary, Mary, so contrary,
How does your garden
grow? With Silver Bells
and Cockle shells —
And Marigolds all in a
Row!





THE MERREMAKER MARK

**Combines the Three Greatest
Plays of Childhood—
Slide—Teeter-Totter
and Merry-Go-Round**

Complete Home Playground



As a Teeter-Totter

**"For Your
Childrens'
Sake
Mail
the
Coupon
Today."**



**As a
Merry-Go-Round**

Vigorous play brings sparkling health—it is absolutely vital. Without it no child can reach a full development of body, vigor, and mental alertness. It's the activity plays that count—and it's glorious fun!

Send This COUPON

**Make Your Child
Happy and Healthful!**

**The Merremaker Corporation,
260 Cecil St., Minneapolis, Minn.**

Gentlemen:

Please send me information regarding
the Merremaker and your new low
price.

(Print your name and address below.)

Name

Address.....Town.....

C. L. 6-36

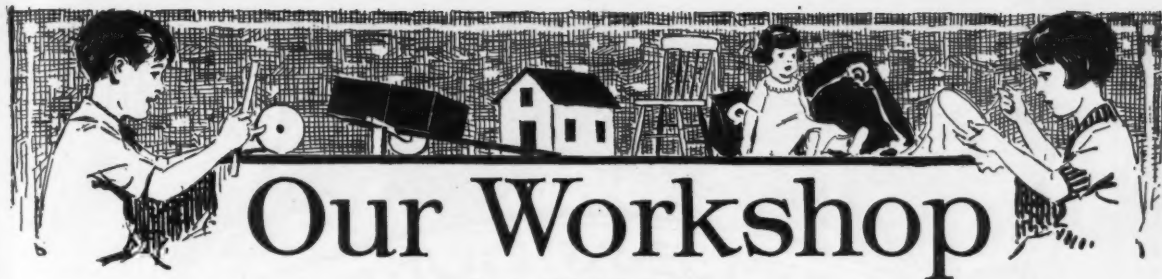
The Merremaker provides this activity by giving the child the three most exhilarating and most beneficial sports of childhood—slide, teeter-totter, and merry-go-round. It is practical, easily set up, easily changed from one use to another. Durable—it is made for rough service, and no end of that. Inexpensive. Glorious fun for any child. Never loses its novelty. Can be used the year round, inside or out-of-doors. Excellently made of the best materials, finished in bright red enamel with weather-proof spar varnish.

A Merremaker will give your child more beneficial fun, more health and vigor of body and mind than any other play feature you can buy at this low price. Send the coupon and make your child happy and healthy.

The Merremaker Corporation

260 Cecil Street

Minneapolis, Minn.



By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "The Boy Craftsman," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," "Home-Made Games and Game Equipment," etc.

A WORKBENCH

SOME day you will want to build a fine big workbench with a quick-acting vise and all of the other handy contrivances that go with it. Probably you will grow ambitious to own a large assortment of mechanics' tools, also. But for the simple work that you are doing at present you can get along nicely with one of the home-made benches shown upon this page, and with the saw, plane, hammer, screw driver, bit and bitstock, chisel and ruler that is, or should be, a part of the household equipment.

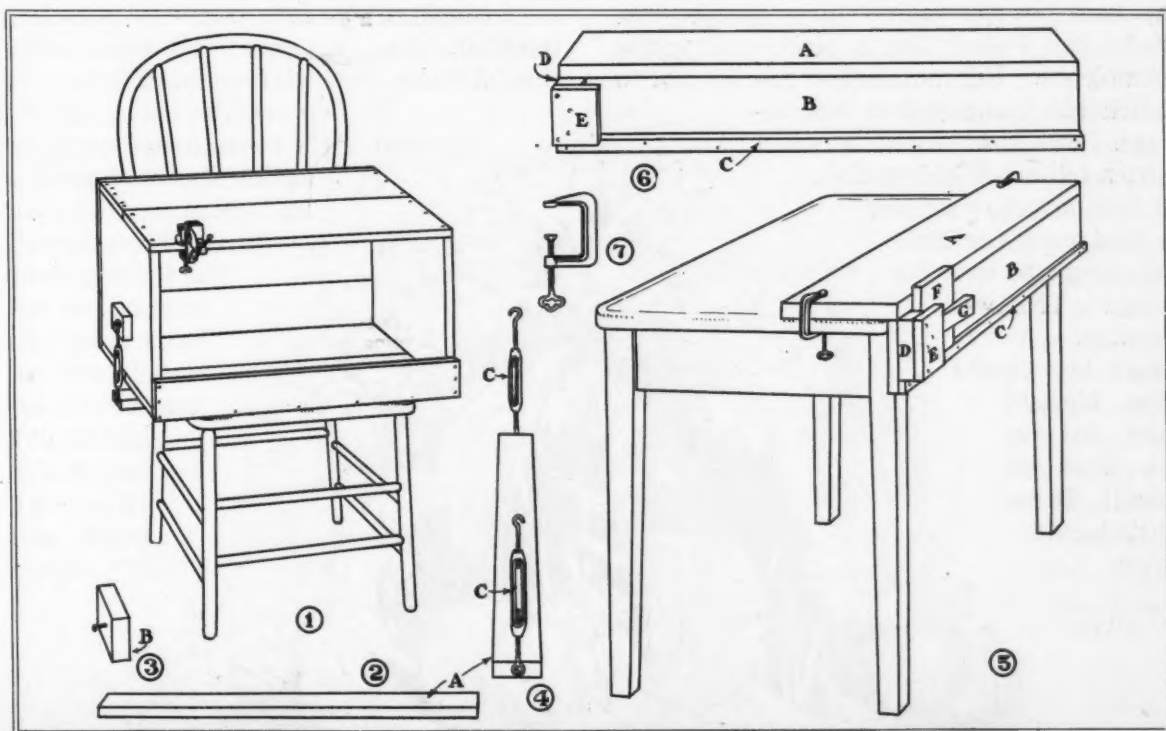
The best place for the home workshop is a dry, well-lighted basement; next to that, the play room. But many of you, I know, cannot have a permanent shop, and must ask Mother to share her kitchen with you, with the promise, of course, that you will clean up and put away your tools and materials when through working. The kitchen is not at all a bad place to work in. Now that warm weather

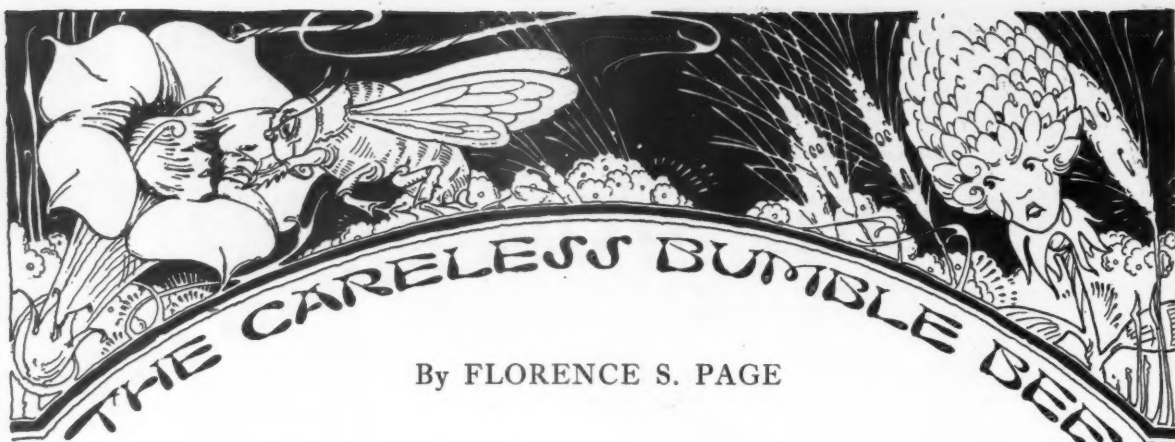
is here, though, you might move your bench outdoors, onto the porch, perhaps, quite an ideal spot for the purpose. The portable bench is just the thing for temporary workshops.

The chair bench shown in Figure 1 requires a box about 12 inches wide, 11 inches deep and 20 inches long. If you haven't one at home, your grocer can supply you. Any straight-back chair will do. Perhaps, there is an old broken chair that you can mend well enough, but, since you will not injure it, you probably can use one of Mother's kitchen chairs. Several thicknesses of paper will prevent the box from marring the chair seat.

The box must be fastened to the chair, to make a solid bench. This is a good way to do it. Cut a strip of wood a trifle longer than the box (A, Fig. 2), and two wooden blocks about 3 inches square (B, Fig. 3), and buy a pair of hook-and-eye turn-

(Continued on page 362)





By FLORENCE S. PAGE

THE little bumblebee was the most careless little bumblebee that ever lived. He forgot everything. When his mother told him to go west to a clover-top, he forgot and went east to a morning-glory; and when she told him to hurry, he forgot and went to sleep under a milkweed; and once in a while he even forgot where his home was, and then he had to fly around and around all night looking for it.

Once he forgot to put on his yellow stripes in the morning. That was a shame, for a small black kitten thought he was a June bug and tried to play with him. She meowed and meowed when he stung her. And it was all his fault, for she wouldn't have touched him if he had looked like a black and yellow bumblebee. Her mother had told her not to touch black and yellow bumblebees. But how could a small kitten tell a bumblebee when it had no yellow stripes?

And once the little bee forgot to wear his sting! That was terrible. A very small boy caught him. He held him fast in his little fat hand! If the little bumble-

bee had had his sting with him, that boy would have let him go in a hurry! But the bumblebee had forgotten, and his sting was hanging up on the wall at home.

So the very small boy carried him around in a very small hot hand for a long time, and the little bumblebee was very uncomfortable. He wiggled his wings and wiggled his wings, but the small boy didn't mind that. It tickled him and made him laugh.

At last the small boy went to his big sister. "I caught a bum bum bee," he said.

"A bumblebee?" said his sister. "Oh, no, Bobby. If you had a bumblebee, it would sting you."

"I caught a bum bum bee," the small boy repeated. And he opened his hand. And then, of course, the little bumblebee flew away.

He flew straight home, and he said, "I'll never forget anything again! Ooooh, I was hot and uncomfortable in that boy's hand!"

But the very next day, he was out in the daisy field and it was so hot that he decided, at last, to dive into the brook and





cool off. But first he took off his wings, because it is very bad for wings to get wet. He hung his wings on a daisy, and jumped into the brook. It was so much fun that he jumped in again. He jumped in ever so many times. He jumped in forwards, and backwards, and head first, and feet first. He had a very good time.

At last he crawled up on the bank, rather tired and feeling slightly dizzy from jumping around so fast; and he looked around for his wings.

He couldn't remember where he had hung them! Oh, how worried he felt! He looked on one daisy, and then on another and then on another, and he couldn't find his wings! He looked and looked and looked. He ran up and down between the daisies, and looked till his eyes hurt, and he couldn't find his wings. Then he felt scared. What would a bumblebee be without wings! He'd have to crawl along the ground like a caterpillar! At that sad thought, the little bumblebee burst into a loud buzz.

"Don't buzz so!" said a grasshopper. "Ho,

ho, how funny you look!"

"It's because I've lost my wings," said the bumblebee.

"Where are they?" asked the grasshopper.

"That's a silly question," said the bumblebee crossly.

"I mean, where did you put them?" said the grasshopper.

"I left them on a daisy while I jumped in the brook," said the bumblebee. "But I forgot to notice what daisy!"

"That was a careless thing to do," said the grasshopper. "There are three thousand, two hundred and thirty-three daisies in this field."

"Oh!" moaned the bumblebee. He curled up in a knot with despair. "I will have to crawl around to each one! Why, I'll be an old tottering bumblebee before I ever find them."

"I'll help you," said the grasshopper. He felt sorry for the bumblebee. "I'll get all my relations to help you." He called to his brothers and his sisters and his aunts and his uncles and his cousins, and told

(Continued on page 368)



ACTIONS THAT SPEAK

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

I'LL BE out in a minute!" Mrs. Elrod called to her friend in the car that stopped at the curb. "Don't bother to come in. I know we are late."

"Have a good time, Mother dear," said little Nancy Elrod as she gave her mother a good-bye hug. "We'll miss you, but you are not to worry one minute about us. We'll get along beautifully."

"I'll miss you," answered her mother, fondly, "but I'll be back to-morrow, so it won't be too bad. You'll remember the errand to Grandmother's and bedtime and drinking your milk, I know."

"And rubbers if it is wet," laughed Jack, going over instructions, "and not be too noisy while Auntie takes her nap and everything."

In a flurry of good-byes Mrs. Elrod departed with her friend for a long-planned trip to a class reunion.

"Your good-bye instructions make me laugh," said Mrs. Elrod's friend and classmate, Katherine Hackett. "You know perfectly well that the minute your back is turned your children will forget everything they promised. Of course they are adorable—but children nowadays simply do not mind. I never expect mine to any more."

"Why, Katherine," exclaimed Mrs. Elrod in dismay; "what a way to talk! Of course children mind! You ought to expect them to—your not expecting may be the very thing that holds them back."

"No, it isn't," replied Mrs. Hackett, "it's just the times. I used to worry about it. But I've stopped that. Neither Ben nor Ellen can be depended on for one bit of obedience, and I know it."

Mrs. Elrod, who had quite decided ideas as to what should and should not be said before children, looked uneasily at pretty little Ellen Hackett sitting quite within range of hearing, even though she was alone on the back seat of the car. Her mother could not have forgotten the child for, with a quick change of subject, she glanced at her watch and continued: "There! We're late again! I never seem to get off on time! I'm to leave Ellen at sister's, and we should have been there an hour ago, and here we are ten miles away. I shall have to step on the gas. No use going at twenty-five just because there's a law that says you should! My car will go fifty and not know it."

"Ellen, dear, climb up and watch out back for a traffic officer. That's one thing children can do, isn't it? I used to get fined often, but since I thought of posting the children to watch, I haven't been caught once. They can pick an officer a long way back and give me a chance to slow down." And her car shot forward with a burst of speed that was startlingly illegal.

After Ellen had been left at her auntie's and the two old friends had settled down for their long ride, they talked, as visiting mothers will, of the many absorbing subjects interesting to mothers. And it's not surprising that the question of obedience came up again—it's an important point.

"I sometimes wonder just what is the matter," said Mrs. Hackett. "We used to mind my mother and father—we never thought of anything else. I wonder where the change has come in."

"Our parents were law-abiding citizens," said Mrs. Elrod.

"Well, aren't we?" replied her friend quickly.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Elrod; "stop and think and you'll admit we are not."

"Now what can you have in mind?" asked Mrs. Hackett, puzzled. "I see you have some idea, but surely you don't mean to say we are burglars and marauders?"

"Hardly," laughed her friend; "we never even think of those laws. But obeying convenient laws is not the sum of obedience. How about traffic laws? Do we display perfect obedience there? And that's law. We do not want our children to obey some orders and disobey others. Perfect obedience is what we hope for."

"I wonder sometimes—dare we hope for such an ideal until we ourselves act out, in our own lives, the standard we hold before them?"

Mrs. Hackett silently thought for a minute, then she said, "You mean that my disobedience of a definite law of traffic—my using my child's help in that disobedience—is an actual way of teaching disobedience to her?"

"That's putting it pretty strong," temporized her friend, "but we all do it."

"We do, more shame to us," agreed Mrs. Hackett, vigorously, "but I'm sure that with most parents, as with me, it's pure thoughtlessness. I wonder that we could be so blind! Once my eyes are open to what I've been doing, it's as plain as day."

"I've been thinking so much lately about my grandmother's favorite axiom," said Mrs. Elrod. "'Actions speak louder than words.' When we parents are obedient to the laws that govern us, I rather fancy we'll find the job of getting obedience from our children pretty much simplified. I know we have found a big difference at our house since we turned over a new leaf about three months ago."

"And we always expect obedience," she added. "It's worth expecting. We get it."

"I believe you have suggested two real ideas," said Mrs. Hackett, gratefully. "I mean to put them into practice—and see that they work."

whe-eee-ee!

This fun free!

A wonderful, exciting story-book free—for every boy and girl who likes good things to eat



Down this amazing Shoot-the-Chutes went Teddy and Sally and the Frisky King—just one of the full colored pictures from the Jumble-Up-Town Book

TEDDY and Sally were on their way to school one day. Then—all of a sudden—something strange, something exciting, happened!

Like magic they found themselves in a land where everything was all funny and upside-down. The strangest, happiest, place!

The picture shows just one adventure they had.

It's a story you'll want to read, all the way through, right away.

It's in a beautiful book with the fun-

niest colored pictures all through. And you can have it FREE.

How to get it

There is a wonderful candied popcorn for boys and girls, called CHECKERS.

This is what it is. A lot of fluffy, crisp popcorn. Some delicious, roasted peanuts. All covered with golden molasses syrup.

It comes in a red-white-and-blue checkered box. And each box also has a *surprise present* for you.

(This FREE Book offer is not good in Wisconsin. If you live there, send 15 cents for your copy.)

Well, just ask Mother or Daddy to buy a box of CHECKERS. Then, if you want this fine story book save the ends of the box or the coupon—until you have five. Then mail them to:

The CHECKERS LADY, The Shotwell Mfg. Co., P. O. Drawer M, Chicago.

She'll send your book at once.

Ask Mother about it right away.



CHECKERS CANDIED POPCORN

If your dealer does not have genuine CHECKERS—in the Checkerboard box—send us his name. We will see that you are supplied.

NOTE TO MOTHERS:

We are sure the children will be pleased with this amusing book—and delighted with CHECKERS. And you'll approve of this wholesome confection—Government food experts say it furnishes the roughage and energy-giving sweet, growing children need.



Happy, healthy children • cheeks aglow ~appetites keen • eager for play~ ARE THEY YOURS?

CONTRAST such attractive, wholesome youngsters with the "difficult" children you know. Listless, irritable boys and girls who have to be coaxed or forced to eat, who mope rather than play, who do not "get on well" with other children.

The difference, if mothers but realized it, is largely due to a difference in diet and health habits. Most of the unattractive and disturbing traits in children are actually symptoms of malnutrition or undernourishment. The basic remedy is *correct feeding*.

Thousands of mothers are proving this to be true. They have literally "made over" their children—in a short time built up their weight, spirits, appetite—just by following a simple home program of right living, right eating, and *extra daily feedings of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk*.

Every growing child is susceptible to malnutrition and the ills that follow in its wake. But every mother can protect her children from its possible attack, or correct it in its early stages, if she observes these five rules, regularly and conscientiously:

- [1] *Have your child thoroughly examined by a doctor to discover and remedy any possible organic defects—diseased tonsils, adenoids, decayed teeth, poor eyesight or hearing, etc. This should be done at least once a year.*
- [2] *Weigh your child regularly. Weight is the surest index of health. Remember—something is wrong with the child who does not gain.*
- [3] *Insist upon proper health habits—plenty of sleep, ex-*

ercise, fresh air, regular bowel movements, a great deal of water to drink, etc.

- [4] *Give him a well-balanced diet of whole milk, cereals, fruit (both fresh and dried), vegetables, a little meat, and in addition*

- [5] *Give him a feeding of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk every day.*

Eagle Brand has a very essential place in this health program. Experiments with hundreds of school children prove that children who take Eagle Brand regularly gain more in weight, and show greater improvement in blood and bone condition than children who do not have this milk.

Eagle Brand is rich, full cream milk—a child's natural food, with all the food properties—and the essential vitamins—for healthy growth. It is combined with sugar in a way that makes it even more digestible than whole or pasteurized milk.

Eagle Brand is not intended to take the place of bottled milk, but to be given in addition to it, supplying the extra food and energy value that is needed in a growing child's diet.

The best way to serve Eagle Brand is as a mid-morning or mid-afternoon drink—2 tablespoonfuls diluted in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of cold water. Because it is so quickly and easily digested it does not spoil a child's appetite for his regular meals. For variety you can serve it as a spread on bread or crackers (have the child

drink *more* water in this case)—poured over cereals or fruit—made up into egg nogs, custards, and other simple dishes.

The important thing is *regularity*. The mothers who have had the greatest success in building up their children's health are, without exception, those who have observed the health rules and Eagle Brand feedings *every day* without fail. A few typical cases—selected from hundreds—are quoted here.

Perhaps you have already instituted this Health Program in your home. If so, we should be greatly interested to hear about it. Won't you write us what results you are getting?

If you have not yet started this systematic training in child health, the first thing to do is to send for a set of the

3 Little Books

They give detailed instructions about health rules; charts showing what your children should weigh; interesting menus, recipes, calory tables and valuable facts about children's diet; advice about adolescence—all told in interesting, readable form. 100,000 mothers are using these books as a guide.



"Sleeps better"
10 year old Frances McKinney, of Bedford, Va., who was underweight before taking Eagle Brand, gained 10½ lbs. in the 12 weeks that she took this milk regularly. Her mother, Mrs. R. W. McKinney, writes enthusiastically: "My little girl sleeps better, and romps and plays with more vim than she did before. We use Eagle Brand at every meal."

"It did them a lot of good"
Mrs. Annie Rose of Vinard Haven, Mass., put her two children, both underweight, on the Eagle Brand health program last year. Richard, age 9, reached normal weight in a few weeks, while 13 year old Jennie, (15 lbs. below par) gained 10½ lbs. Mrs. Rose writes that both children liked Eagle Brand and "it did them a lot of good."

"Better appetite"
Sarah Bushnell (13 years old) of Salem, Va., whose weight should have been 84 lbs., weighed only 68 when she started taking Eagle Brand—as a drink, on cereals, in every way possible. At the end of 3 months she had reached 84½ lbs.—a gain of 16½ lbs. Her mother, Mrs. Wm. Bushnell, reports that Sarah is happier and has a better appetite.

"Learn fast at school"
From the same town comes a letter from Mrs. J. C. Jones, whose two children, Helen (13) and Horace (11), were very much underweight. After taking Eagle Brand for 9 weeks both had reached normal. Their mother writes that they are now "jollier, learn fast at school, and want to eat all the time."

"Most emphatically in favor of it"
Austin Sauls (age 12) and his sister Elizabeth (11), children of Mrs. Ida Sauls, Waterloo, S.C., both improved in weight after taking Eagle Brand every day. Austin gained 6½ lbs. and Elizabeth, 4 lbs. Their mother says she is "most emphatically" in favor of this health program and reports improvement in the children's appearance, disposition and appetite.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
830 Borden Building
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

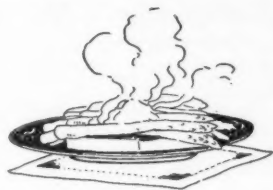
Please send me my free set of the 3 Little Books.

Name _____

Address _____



JUNE is our month of roses and gardens and vacations—don't you love it? We do! The gardens are so fresh and green and smell so very



good. It's fun to get up in the morning and brush the gravel paths or pull a few stray weeds or just stand and watch while the sunshine makes diamonds of the dew and the birds have a visiting party as they enjoy breakfast.

One of our favorite June jobs is to take a gardening knife and basket and wander into the garden to cut asparagus. It's such fun to poke around till you find stalks that are just the right length for cutting and to make sure that none are missed. Of course, by now, asparagus season is over in some parts of the country; but if it is, it began just that much earlier in the spring, so the fun was just the same whenever it came.

"But we live in a city—right in the middle of a city!" says one busy cook. "And never in the world have we been in a really truly garden."

Dear me! Imagine! Then next time you take a ride out of your city, get Father to take you through the truck garden district—there is one around every city. There you can see lovely big gardens where vegetables grow, and you'll like that. And in the meantime, go with Mother to market and look at all the pretty vegetables there are to be had this time of year. She will like to have your company and will enjoy telling you about how different vegetables grow and you will enjoy seeing how very beautiful, nice, fresh vegetables are.

And while you are in your own garden or the market, be sure to get some asparagus, for that is what we are going to cook this month. Get crisp, clean stalks, not *too* green. If you get them at market, you will notice that the grocer is very careful to keep them moist; some grocers stand the stalks in trays of water, and some have a spray of fresh water running over them all the time. So you must be equally particular.

As soon as you get the asparagus in the house, wash it carefully, being very careful to remove all sand that might lodge in the

LESSON No. 16

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

cracks. Then wrap it in clean cheesecloth and put it by the ice. We keep sugar bags for this use and slip the stalks down in the bag to keep them orderly

as well as moist and cool.

When it is almost time to cook the asparagus, remove it from the bag or cloth and break off any coarse, woody ends that would not cook nicely. Wouldn't it be fun if we could all be together so you could see exactly how this is done? But that isn't possible when the CHILD LIFE Kitchen is so very large and so many of us work in it. So we shall just have to read very carefully and think hard, to make up.

Pick up the first piece of asparagus, bend it at the end—about an inch from the big end. Does it seem crisp and snappy? Then it's fine to eat without taking any off. Does it seem tough? Then bend it a little higher up; bend firmly and ten to one it will snap right off at the end of the woody-looking white part. After you have done a few stalks you will be an expert and you can tell just what part to snap off and what part to leave on. Now we are ready for cooking.

BUTTERED ASPARAGUS

Wash and chill two bunches of asparagus. Remove woody ends and wash again. Put one cupful water on to boil in a tall narrow pan. (One like the

(Continued on page 353)





Children are the most frequent victims of simple goiter. Statistics show that in many communities from 20% to 70% of the school age have thyroid trouble.

Keep children healthy with iodized salt!

It supplies a needed element which most everyday foods lack—prevents goiter

How many mothers know that simple goiter is one of the commonest diseases of childhood?

—That in some communities as high as 70% are afflicted needlessly?

—That lack of iodine in most of our everyday foods and drinking water is the cause?

—And that by simply replacing that iodine by the use of Morton's Iodized Salt, goiter can usually be prevented in both children and adults?

This delightful table salt is neither drug nor medicine, but a more complete food that adds the needed element, iodine, to diet. The highest

health authorities urge its use. Entire cities have adopted it. Its success marks a new era of health for children.

And it tastes no different than our famous salt in the blue package—"When it rains, it pours". It is used the same way—in cooking and on the table.

Don't risk your health or that of your children. Get this salt at your grocer's today and send for our free book concerning child welfare.



MORTON'S SALT



WHEN IT RAINS—IT POURS

FREE! Morton Salt Co.,
Dept. 63, Chicago Ill.

Please send me FREE copy "The Prevention of Simple Goiter."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

ANOTHER CONTEST

What I Like Best In CHILD LIFE—And Why

Every boy and girl who reads this magazine knows what page or story or department in **CHILD LIFE** he likes best of all. So every one of you, who is not over 14 years old, get your pens busy right away and write to us about it. Make your letters 300 words long or a little shorter than that and mail them right away to the **CHILD LIFE Literary Contest Editor, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.** Be sure that these letters will reach Chicago by **June 12**, that your name and age and address are on them, and be sure that your handwriting is clear.

FORTY-SIX PRIZES

Now comes the surprise. The best 300-word letters written about "What I Like Best in **CHILD LIFE**—and Why" will win the following prizes:

First Prize.....	\$20.00
Second Prize.....	10.00
Third Prize.....	8.00
Fourth Prize.....	6.00

Fifth to Ninth Prizes:

2 prizes of \$5.00
10 prizes of \$3.00
10 prizes of \$2.00
20 prizes of \$1.00

The prize winners' names will be announced in the August number of **CHILD LIFE**. Isn't it fun? Start right away and perhaps your letter will win a prize!



VACATION

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

WE'RE happiest when
It's vacation again!
We're eager, although
School's pleasant, we know,
To change books for a trail,
A saddle, a sail,
A tent, a canoe
And a campfire—aren't you?

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 351)

top part of a double boiler is best, for then the bottom end of the stalks are really in the water while the tender tops cook just by steam.)

When it comes to a boil, drop in the asparagus, a few stalks at a time. Be careful to put the ends of the stalks down—the tender tips should never be in the water.

Cover very tightly and cook for 25 minutes.

Remove cover and test with a fork. The best way is to remove one stalk, cool it a few seconds and then see if the tough end is tender. If it is not, cook 5 minutes more. By this time the water will be almost gone.

Sprinkle 1 level teaspoon salt over the asparagus. Cover tightly and remove from the fire while you arrange triangles of toast (which you have made while the asparagus was cooking) in a warm platter or on individual plates.

With a fork, take up the asparagus and arrange it neatly, the stalks all lying the same way on the toast. Divide it fairly, so that all can be served equally.

Put 1 teaspoonful of butter for each person served into the water gravy left in the pan, melt quickly and pour in equal portions over the asparagus.

Serve at once.

If it should happen that the water so nearly boils away that you have no gravy, drop the piece of butter directly on the asparagus and the steam will melt it in.

Be sure to notice the small amount of water used. This method keeps all the fine minerals that are so wholesome and tasty. But you must be careful that you do not use too high a flame for cooking, lest your water vanish too soon. You want it to last just the half hour of cooking—no less.

When asparagus season is over, you can use this same method for cooking dainty little green onions. You know the kind we eat raw, usually. They are delicious, cooked this way and served with butter on toast. Young carrots are fine, too. Scrape them and cook them in just a little bit of water and serve with salt and butter exactly as you do the asparagus, only you may prefer to omit the toast.

If you happen to be where you cannot get fresh vegetables, use canned, heating them till they boil for 5 minutes, then serving exactly as you would the fresh.

Speaking of vegetables reminds us that a vegetable luncheon is very good in June. How does this menu sound to you?

SPRING LUNCHEON

Tomato bouillon	
Cheese wafers	
Buttered asparagus	Baked potatoes
Radishes	Tiny onions
Strawberry shortcake	
Milk	



MY CHOICE

RUTH BARROWS

I'm very fond of taffy and peanut sticks and all—
But almost best of anything I like a popcorn ball!

GRIMSEL—THE PERFORMING BEAR

(Continued from page 344)

Then nothing would do but Grimsel must be hoisted to the platform, where Carl would place an old musket in his huge paws and give the command: "Shoulder arms! Present arms! March!"

For all his size he could climb a pole with singular agility and sit watching until his master called him to come down. He loved to dance to an inspiring tune and, on the whole, was a jolly good fellow.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted he was both a thief and a marauder; he would prowl about at night, and if ever a fine young pig or juicy watermelon was missing it was always traced to the door of "that confounded bear."

That very summer automobiles began coming over the passes—big touring cars which were called "charabancs" or "rubberneck wagons" and, all of a sudden, our little family found that their living was gone. The newfangled cars would whiz by so fast that not a glimpse could anyone catch of the performing bear or the sign that hung over the door.

Gradually, they realized that someone must learn how to repair the new machines and, as Hans was growing old, it must be Carl.

Elsa was all excitement at the idea, exclaiming, "It will all be easy enough, for your Uncle Leon works in a garage in Lucerne and can get the chance for you." Then an astonishing thing happened!

The very night before the boy was to start on the journey, Grimsel disappeared—utterly and entirely disappeared and this, in the middle of July. All indulged in the wildest speculations, and one of the friends made the positive assertion, "I saw a man with a red beard watching jealously at the kermis and I miss my guess if he didn't take him."

That, then, must be the solution and, with heavy heart, Carl rode silently beside the driver who was taking a load of hay into the valley below.

Elsa's brother met him at the quay. He was a big, stocky fellow and eyed the boy appraisingly. His wife, Minna, was cordiality itself, and as Carl ate the good supper she set before him, his tongue loosened and he was soon telling them all the home news, even to the disappearance of Grimsel.

Leon interrupted with a harsh laugh. "Lost a bear, eh! Well, my lad, you'll soon find there isn't much time in a garage for grieving over a pet bear."

At this careless gibe at his lost Grimsel, Carl felt as if the bottom had quite dropped out of his little world and a wave of homesickness swept over him.

(Part II of "Grimsel, the Performing Bear" will appear in the July issue of CHILD LIFE.)



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Petoskey, Michigan

Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Leavenworth, Managers
Shelley W. Welborn, Assistant

Camp Bryn Afon

FOR GIRLS

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Ninth Season

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OUR DIRECTORY

On these pages are the names of carefully investigated camps and of their directors, who are approved specialists in health and play for children. These men and women are so convinced of the life-time value of good health for children that they spend much time and energy for the greater part of a year in order to contribute their camping experience toward making finer, more robust future citizens for the country.

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rightful due. In the best pos-
sible way they love sport—
for its own sake.

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recognize deeper meanings
in the vigorous life of a super-
vised summer camp for their
children. They see that the
wholesome, healthy contacts
with nature and with other
young fellow-beings will de-
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will give strength to the spirit.

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must be wisely chosen, and
fitted for individual needs.
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selection of the right camp.

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vice, by furnishing the informa-
tion at its disposal, is aiding a great
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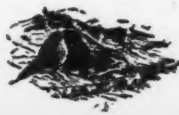
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Trenton, N. J. South Bend, Ind. Minneapolis, Minn. San Francisco, Cal.

THE PIRATE OF POOH!

(Continued from page 341)

beg your pardon!

NED (*appearing from behind the barrel*): Hello!

ZIP (*bowing*): Er-excuse me. Don't believe we've been introduced!

NANCY (*climbing, with NED's help, out of the barrel, and running over to him*): Please, Captain Zip, I'm Nancy, and this is my brother Ned, and our rowboat got wrecked and will you please send us back home in your private brig?

ZIP (*bowing very low*): Chawmed, I'm sure. Cer-certainly Miss Nancy, I'll see you home again—next week.

NED: But we want to go to-night.

ZIP (*shaking his head*): Sorry, but we can't spare our brig, and—

NANCY: Captain Zip, if your treasure is found, can we go home to-night?

ZIP: Oh, if *that's* found! Shiver my timbers, m' dear! Yes, indeed.

NANCY: And if G. Whiz, the Pirate of Pooh finds it, will you let him join your crew and stop teasing him?

ZIP: Yes, if he finds the treasure he's worthy of being a perky pirate, too.

[PIRATES AND PIRATETTES come running in, carrying pineapples, coconuts and bananas. At first they are shy when they see the children but soon run over to ZIP to report.]

HA HA: We've poked around everywhere.

HE HE: We've dug everywhere.

HO HO: We've searched everywhere.

THE PIRATETTES: And we can't find that treasure!

[ZIP looks very sad, as they gather around him and whisper. NANCY AND NED now take G. WHIZ aside. He takes his bottle from his pocket, pulls out the crossword puzzle, and together they piece out the answer.]

G. WHIZ (*excitedly*, to NANCY): You're right. This crossword puzzle spells "LOOK—UNDER—THE—BARREL" Let's look!

NANCY AND NED (*clapping their hands*): Let's!

[They run to the barrel, push it to one side, and discover—the treasure chest.]

NANCY (*jumping up and down*): The treasure! The treasure! The Pirate of Pooh has found the treasure!

PIRATES (*running around them wildly*): What? How? When? Where? Which? Who? Pooh?

ZIP (*taking the treasure box G. WHIZ hands him and bowing very low*): The treasure! I thank you! [He opens it and takes out some papers.] See? It shows us that this island belongs to us forever! [He turns to the children as he jumps up and pulls the kettle on to boil.] I'll order my private brig at once to take you home, but first you must have a cup of tea and—

NANCY: Oh, thank you. But what else is in the treasure chest?

ZIP (*returning to the chest*): White gloves to wear at our teas and peppermint sticks for all of us—ladies first! [He distributes them, giving some to G. WHIZ, too.]

R: Look!

S: Look!

V: He's giving some to—

P: The Pirate of Pooh!

ZIP: Certainly, for from now on the Pirate of Pooh is a perky pirate and belongs with us. He has found the treasure, and has been very patient. He *deserves* to be a perky pirate!

G. WHIZ: Oh, thank you! Thank you! I feel so perky! (*He throws away his apron.*) I feel so perky!

ALL: Hurrah for the Pirate of Pooh! (*They all join hands and dance around the children, singing*):

"Avast! Belay! Heave to! Yo ho!
We've sailed the Seven Seas, you know,
But anchored here, with treasure near
For all us Perky pirates-O!"

CURTAIN

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF CHILD LIFE Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1926.

STATE OF ILLINOIS }
COUNTY OF COOK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. McNally, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CHILD LIFE Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Rand McNally & Company, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Editor, Rose Waldo, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, Fred L. McNally, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Business Manager, Fred L. McNally, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Rand McNally & Company, an Illinois Corporation, 536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRED L. McNALLY

Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1926.

SEAL

M. J. STANTON

My commission expires December 9, 1926.



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THE CARELESS BUMBLEBEE

(Continued from page 347)

them that the little bumblebee had left his wings on a daisy, and had forgotten where the daisy was. Then they all began hopping. Higher and higher, and faster and faster they hopped in the sunshine—ever so many grasshoppers! They hopped till they saw all the daisies in the field, and at last an old green grasshopper found the wings!

How glad the little bumblebee was! He put them on, and flew straight up in the air, and buzzed and buzzed and buzzed with joy. Then he flew down again and thanked all the grasshoppers very politely, especially the old green grasshopper. Then he flew home and told his mother, and she sent the grasshoppers some apple blossom honey, which they liked very much. And the little bumblebee flew around all the rest of the day, buzzing happily. He was so glad that he had his wings again.

So, whenever you hear a bumblebee buzzing loudly, it's probably because he is so glad he has his wings.

And, whenever you see ever so many grasshoppers hopping in the sunshine, it *may* be because they are looking for bumblebee wings. For, although the little bumblebee has tried very hard to be careful, and *is* careful most of the time, still, once in a while he forgets!



THE BUMBLEBEE

PAULINE ADAMS

BUZ! buz! buz! went the Bumblebee,
Buz! buz-z-z! buz! he laughed with glee;
He flitted about from flower to flower
And then—what do you suppose?
He flew just as fast as ever he could
And lit on the gardener's nose!



THE QUEST

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Over crimson clover-seas
Let's go questing with the bees!
We shall find, where shores are sunny,
Such a golden store of honey!

BANDANA

(Continued from page 336)

"Calico," said Bandana, "let there be no more groans in Popsindoodle—never a groan again!"

"Very well," said the king. So then and there all the folk of Popsindoodle vowed by their jiggety shadows never to groan again. And they never did. But ever afterward when old King Calico laughed, he laughed not because of jokes, but just because of his ginger.

As for Bandana, she went quietly back into the castle with the king that afternoon, and beside the kitchen fire, in a big wicker basket, she made her future home. That very evening, indeed, they talked of tiddly wink—of tiddly diddly diddly wink—of tiddly wink! Heigho!



RIDICULOUS

POLLY CHASE

I'D RATHER be an ostrich than a snail;
I'd rather be an eagle than a quail;
I'd rather be a doggy
Than a little spotted froggy;
I'd rather be a codfish than a whale.

I'd rather be a cooky than a crumb;
I'd rather be a trumpet than a drum;
I'd rather be a carrot
Than a green and scarlet parrot;
But most of all
I'd rather be

A PLUM.

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Devonshire Cloth is neither a gingham nor a linen, but a distinctly different KIND of fabric. Ask for it by full name, and see that the name is stamped on the selvage. Sold by most good stores, but should you not find it near you, write us. We will see that you are supplied.

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with this:

On receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin, we will send you postpaid, complete paper pattern for a pretty doll's dress, together with a quantity of liberally sized pieces of genuine Renfrew DEVONSHIRE Cloth—of various designs and colors—with which you or your child can make up the dress. Write us NOW, while you have the opportunity.



Reproduction June Child Life Cover

Another Jolly American Crayon Color Contest

For Boys and Girls

THOUSANDS of boys and girls entered the first American Crayon Color Contest. The judges found it difficult to award the prizes, for all the drawings were very good.

Miss Georgiana Bishop, Box 1719 R. F. D., No. 1, Oakland, Cal., won the girl's prize, and Master Glenn L. Morris, Jr., 833 S. Flood Avenue, Norman, Okla., won the boy's prize.

Now we have another contest that any boy or girl reader of CHILD LIFE may enter. If you would like to enter this contest, color the illustration in this advertisement with crayons. (American Crayons are best). See how nearly like the front cover of CHILD LIFE you can make your picture. When you have finished, send it with the coupon below to UNCLE JIM, American Crayon Color Contest, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago. The judges will consider neatness, age of contestant, and original color ideas in awarding the prizes.

The boy's prize will be \$2.50 in gold.

The girl's prize will be \$2.50 in gold.

In the event of a tie, prizes will be awarded to both contestants.

Do you belong to the Kroma Paket Club of America? Thousands of boys and girls do. Would you like to join and learn how you can win the diplomas and awards offered by this club to all boys and girls who like to draw? If you would, write to UNCLE JIM, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, and he will tell you what to do to join. There are no membership fees or dues to pay.

THE AMERICAN CRAYON COMPANY
SANDUSKY - OHIO NEW YORK

Clip and Mail Today

UNCLE JIM:
AMERICAN CRAYON COLOR CONTEST
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

☐ I wish to enter your contest and am sending my answer with this coupon.

☐ I wish to enter your contest. Please send me the Mother Goose Drawing Box containing thirty-six pieces of different colored crayons, stencils and cards to be colored, for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Age.....



WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XXX

By RUTH BRADFORD

SEE my bayonet! Well, you'd better not tease me for I'm sort of quick tempered and if I point my sharp long nose in your direction it's rather dangerous! I'm no minnow for I'm fifteen feet long and weigh from four hundred to eight hundred pounds. You find me swimming around in the Mediterranean or along both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. I usually come to the American coasts in May or June, chasing whole schools of mackerel, herring, and blue fish, and I leave this region in October or November.

When I reach my dinner I attack it from underneath, slashing from right to left and devouring greedily all that I kill.

Though I don't have any fish enemies to speak of, I have to keep a sharp lookout for fishermen. In smooth, clear weather I come to the surface and my back fin sticks out of the water. When fishermen see *that* they get their harpoons ready and try to kill me. Of course I get rather provoked then and may attack their boat, thrusting my bayonet right through it sometimes. But might they come out the winners and take home a boat-load of my oily flesh which they like to eat fresh or salted. Just a few years ago about five thousand of us were taken off the New England coast every year.

In this case, the harpoon is mightier than the fishy sword!

THE PEARL

C. LINDSAY McCOY

AN OYSTER shell in its rolling bed
Caught up a grain of sand;
Great things from small beginnings grow,
On sea as well as land.
The little life within the shell
Was irritated much,
For the grain of sand annoyed him,
It was so rough to touch.
Then he began to cover it
With substance like his shell;
How many times he coated it,
No one on earth could tell.
And when at last it came to light,
What do you think was seen?
A dazzling pearl, a wondrous gem
Fit to adorn a queen!

Cool, Comfortable Underwear for Boys and Girls—



Mothers—

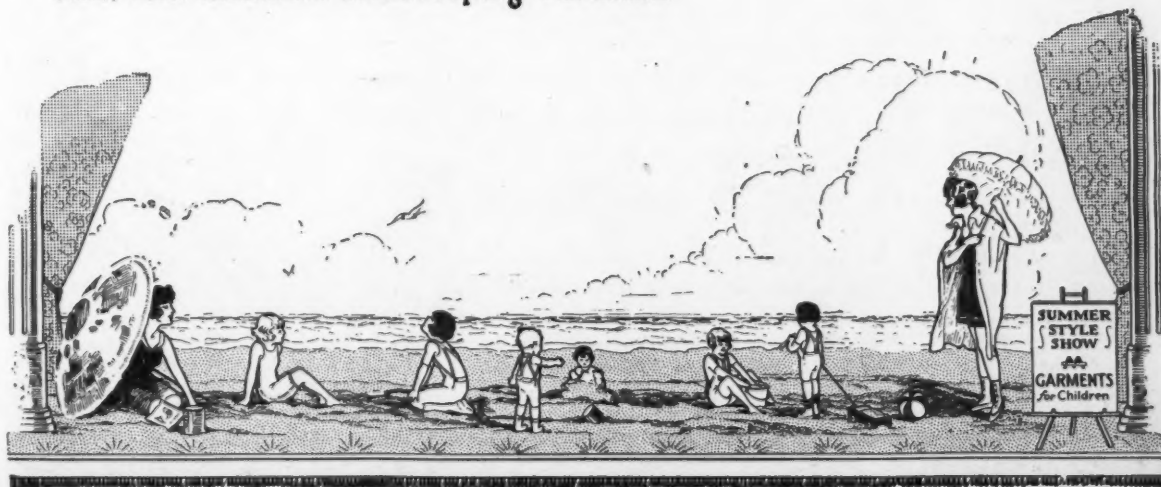
SUMMER heat won't bother your children nearly so much if they're wearing "M" Summer Union Suits. Made of sheer soft-textured woven fabrics—also of porous, light-weight knit fabrics.

"M" Garments are always full size, and properly designed to fit comfortably. They are beautifully made with neat finish and smooth seams. They wash without shrinking and wear well. Dainty styles that delight the girls and mannish styles that please the boys.

Remember, the "M" trademark is a certainty of satisfaction in quality, comfort and economy. Ask for "M" Garments at your Dry Goods Store.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minn.

"M" GARMENTS
The PERFECT UNDERWEAR for CHILDREN
Infants' Shirts and Bands, Children's Waists, Union
Suits, Waist Union Suits and Sleeping Garments





Adventures of Add-a-pearl in the South Seas

CHAPTER III

AFTER Add-a-pearl waved good-by to Fairy Pearllette, she and Flyer climbed into Giant Wings. They flew through the air so very, very fast that before long they saw the Great Mountains. Flyer told her she must find the Gold Nugget in the deep, dark cave near which they landed. Add-a-pearl climbed out of Giant Wings and walked bravely into the cave.

There was nothing that looked like a Gold Nugget, so Add-a-pearl walked on. Suddenly and much to her surprise she spied a tiny door in the side of the cave. She knocked and the door opened very slowly. The queerest little creature she had ever seen stepped out.

"I have come to find the Gold Nugget. Will you please help me?" Add-a-pearl asked.

The little fellow answered, "I am Osto, the only one in the world who can tell you where it is. Come, I'll show you the way."

After a few minutes they came to the most beautiful room Add-a-pearl had ever seen. It was filled with diamonds, sapphires, opals, and emeralds. She could see great pieces of gold and silver in the rocks all around. "How can I ever find the right nugget?" she thought. She was so bewildered she did not know which way to turn. Then Osto opened an iron box, took out a beautiful sea shell and handed it to her. When Add-a-pearl opened it she saw a shining piece of pure gold in the middle of the shell. At last! The Gold Nugget! "How can I ever thank you?" she cried in delight.

"Do just what I say," Osto answered her. "Tell Flyer to take you to-night to Diver of the South Seas. Give him this shell with the Gold Nugget in it. He will tell you what to do next."

Add-a-pearl thanked Osto for his kindness and did as he had told her.

When they had climbed out of Giant Wings on the island in the South Seas, they found Diver. "I am Add-a-pearl and I have brought you the Gold Nugget.

Will you tell me where I can get my necklace that is to be as beautiful as the dewdrops on the rose petals?" she asked. And she smiled at the thought of the lovely necklace.

"Come," said Diver, "you must go with me to Clam's Castle. The Gold Nugget will serve as a charm to let us in." And so Diver took Add-a-pearl into the water, down, down, down to the very bottom of the South Seas. They hurried to Clam's Castle and knocked loudly. Suddenly the door opened and there in front of her Add-a-pearl saw heaps and heaps of beautiful pearls.

"Oh, Diver! Where is my necklace?" she cried eagerly.

"You may take the pearls for it now, if you wish," Clam said, "but if you do it, no other little girls will ever be able to have beautiful pearls like yours. Go first and find the hidden charm to break the wicked spell, so that other little girls may have beautiful necklaces too."

Now Add-a-pearl wanted her necklace very much, but she was so unselfish that she wanted every other little girl to be able to have a lovely necklace also. So she said, "I will wait for mine until I find the charms. May I start right now?"

But Diver spoke up and said, "No, Add-a-pearl, you must wait until you know whether all the other little girls want you to adventure into far-away lands in search of the charms. Write and ask them."

"I'll do it now," cried Add-a-pearl. And here is her letter:

"Dear Little Friends:

I want to start on my other adventures very soon. I want my pretty necklace and so does every little girl. Please write and tell me to go. I'll show the letters to Diver and then I can start. And please tell me if you want to hear about all the adventures I shall have.

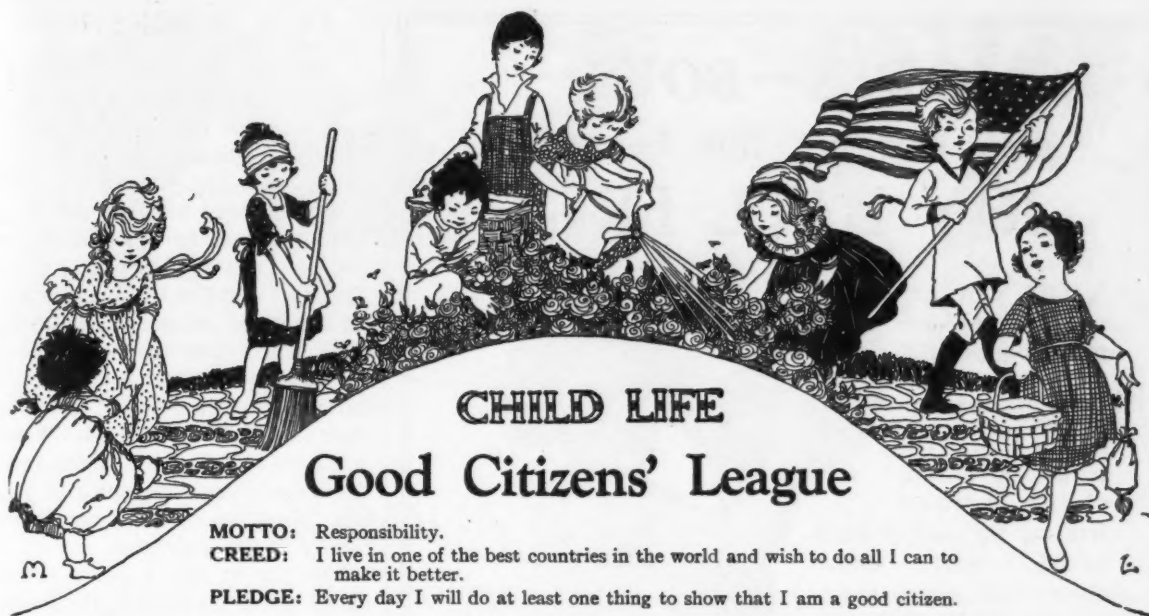
From

Add-a-pearl."

Do you want Add-a-pearl to find the charms? If so, then write and tell her. Address your letter:

ADD-A-PEARL, 108 N. State St., CHICAGO





MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Kindness to Animals

David wanted to give a circus, and Miriam wanted to study "Nature" another month. As for the other members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League, half of them wanted to do the one thing, and half of them the other.

"But we had 'Nature' last month," Bill protested.

"We want to keep right on studying it, too," Elizabeth was in favor of Miriam's plan.

Miss Bradley, the counselor, laughed. "Let's compromise," she said. "We can study about 'Kindness to Animals' and give a pet show."

There was enough of each member's idea left in this suggestion to please everybody. Being kind to animals means studying them, and that was almost like studying nature—in fact, it was studying nature. And having a pet show was almost like having a circus.

They had the pet show in the club garden, and any boy or girl under fourteen could enter one pet for exhibition. A dog didn't have to have a pedigree and the cats didn't have to belong to the Persian or Angora families in order to get in. But there was one very definite requirement—each exhibitor had to hand the judges a description of the way he cared for his pet. The prizes were given for the best descriptions and the animal that had the "best cared for" look.

There also was a "most unusual pet" contest. And many unusual pets there were! There were squirrels and rabbits and goats and monkeys, and one boy even brought a pet rooster. The prize in this contest went to Jimmy Andrews for his raccoon. He had found it when it

first prize beyond a doubt.

Evidently, the boys and girls in Brocton were taking splendid care of their pets, but there were many things they didn't know yet. Miss Bradley and Elizabeth sat at a little table and answered questions on the care of animals and gave the children

names of various books which would help them. It's surprising the number of things you can do to make your pets more comfortable.

The members of the league wanted to have the birds represented, but since birds don't like crowds, there didn't seem to be any way this could be managed.

"If any animal that is a friend of human beings is a pet, then birds certainly are pets," said Miriam. "They sing for us, and they help the farmer by destroying harmful insects. And just think, some boys still don't know any better than to shoot them."

That was how they happened to ask every person who came to the pet show to sign a pledge to be kind to birds. The ones who signed were given red and white ribbon badges, and when the pet show was over, every boy and girl

there was wearing one.

The Pledge

I faithfully promise to be a friend to the birds, to feed them whenever possible and to protect them in every way I can.

Message from WILSON L. GILL

Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League

A serious misconception concerning the purpose or function of a School City Organization needs immediate and most emphatic attention. The misconception alluded to is that the School City is a device solely for "keeping order" in school, and that its function is discipline. There are several ends to be obtained through the School City. Order in the school is one of the ends, but order is expected to come as the natural result of the opportunities that the School City organization affords for developing self-control, loyalty, interest, altruism and other virtues that underlie any scheme of good government. To teach patriotism and civics; to inculcate right practices of citizenship, to instill unselfish ideas into the minds and hearts of Americans, native and adopted, of both sexes and all ages, sects and parties—these are the chief functions of the School City. . . . Let us not miss the point of the organization. The conception ceases to be a grand one if we narrow it down to the notion of a Vigilance Committee or a Law and Order Society.

was just a baby, without a mother, and it was almost starving. He intended to let it go again when it was big enough, because wild animals like a wild life best. But in the meantime it could be counted as a pet, and was such a cunning little thing and so tame that it deserved

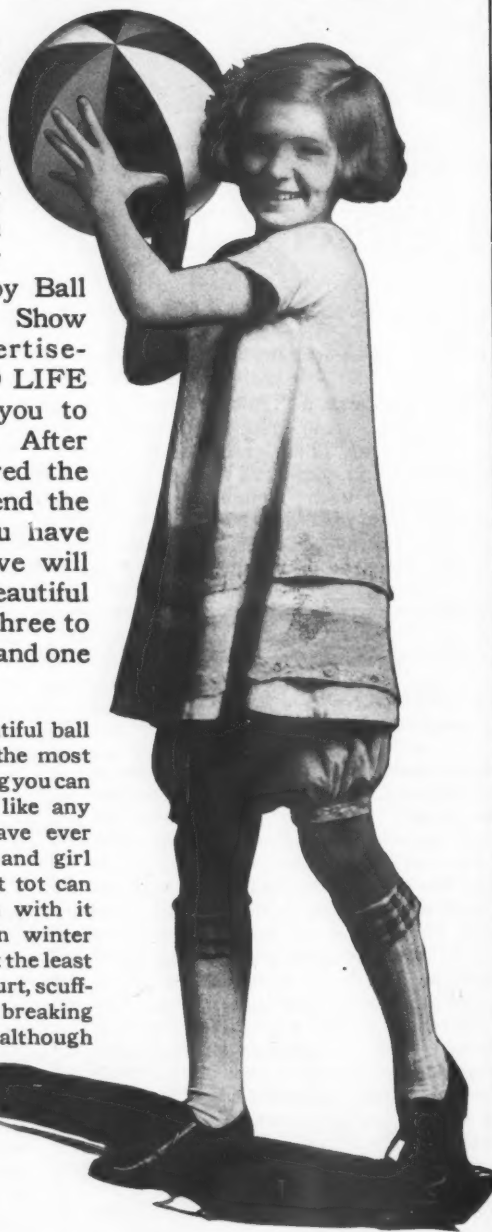
GIRLS—BOYS

You can get this beautiful JOY BALL FREE

YOU can get one of these great big beautiful Joy Balls absolutely FREE by securing orders from three of your friends for a Joy Ball at \$1.25 each. Show them this advertisement in CHILD LIFE—it will help you to get your orders. After you have secured the three orders, send the \$3.75 which you have collected and we will send you four beautiful big Joy Balls—three to fill your orders, and one for yourself.

This great big beautiful ball of many colors is the most wonderful plaything you can imagine. It isn't like any other ball you have ever seen. Every boy and girl down to the tiniest tot can have loads of fun with it indoors or out—in winter or summer without the least danger of getting hurt, scuffing the furniture or breaking things, because, although so big and strong, the Joy Ball is delightfully light and soft. Its lovely colors, too, are a never-ending source of pleasure.

If you wish to attain one Joy Ball only for yourself without selling others you may do so by mailing your order with check or money order to us for \$1.25. A Joy-Ball will be sent to you, immediately.



VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.
13175 Athens Ave., Lakewood, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs: I have secured orders for three Joy Balls and am enclosing herewith \$3.75 in payment. Please send me 4 Joy Balls at once—3 to be delivered on the orders secured and one which I am to keep for myself.

Name

Address

City and State

OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 345)

buckles (C, Fig. 4) at a hardware store. Screw the eye end of the turnbuckles to the ends of strip A, as shown in Fig. 4. Drive a long screw part way into the center of blocks B, and nail the blocks to the box ends as shown in Fig. 1. The length of the turnbuckles will fix the point at which to fasten the blocks, since the hooks must be hooked over the screws when bar A has been slipped under the chair seat as shown in Fig. 1. When you have attached the hooks, turn the center buckles as much as you can, when the box will be drawn tightly to the chair seat.

The box in Fig. 1 has a board nailed across its front so the inside may be used for tools and hardware. You may partition off the space into several compartments, if you like, and hinge a board to the front, and attach a cupboard catch, for a door. A small iron vise of the kind shown in Fig. 1, clamped to the edge of the box, will complete the bench.

The portable bench top shown in Fig. 5 may be rigged up on a kitchen table. It requires a top working surface (A), preferably a plank $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick but a $\frac{7}{8}$ inch board will do, and a front board or apron (B), each 8 or 10 inches wide by the length of the table top. Plank A is lapped over and nailed to the edge of apron B, and a pair of iron clamps, like that in Fig. 7, clamp the plank to the table top. Because the top projects an inch or so over the legs, there will be this much space between the legs and apron. To keep the apron from pushing in, it is necessary to nail or screw blocks to its inner face, to rest against the legs.

This is all there is to the bench itself. Strip C and blocks D and E, upon the apron (Fig. 6) form a vise. You will see in Fig. 5 how to use this vise, how you rest a piece of work (F) upon strip C, slip it into the pocket formed by blocks D and E, and wedge it in place with the triangular block G. Block D must be $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, or thicker, to form a wide enough pocket.



JUST AROUND OUR CORNER

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

When Alma Burton moves from New York to Cedarcrest, a New England village, she finds jolly playmates, just around the corner, in two of the Moffat children—Angel, alias Theodore, who looks like a cherub, but doesn't act like one, and twelve-year-old Alice Ann, called Penoochia, because she makes so much brown sugar candy. Misses Euphemia and Phoebe Cady live in the mysterious house next door, and Alma learns that these two prim, sad, old ladies never visit their neighbors and never allow anyone inside their house. Not a desire to pry but a real desire to help makes the girls form their secret H. T. C. C.—Help The Cadys Club—a club which Angel also joins. The children happen to read a "personal" among the classified advertisements of a New York newspaper, signed Philo, which asks for information about Euphemia, Phoebe and Shirley Cady. Tucked in the center of a bunch of wild flowers, they send the "personal" to the Cady sisters. This causes Miss Euphemia to leave very suddenly for New York, without a word of explanation to her sister, and Miss Phoebe is so shocked and grieved that she is unable to leave her bed. For some time she has allowed Alma to run errands for her, and now she is forced to allow the children to come in and help with the housework and cooking. They are surprised to find that Shirley, the pretty little black-haired niece of the Cady sisters, has been living with them for several days. Shirley is as mystified by the strange behavior of her aunts as are the neighbors. She had never seen them until a short time before when they had made arrangements to adopt her and take her away from the kind Mrs. Simmons who had been paid to look after her. She had been brought to the Cady house in the middle of the night, leaving the train and driving over from another town. Shirley is very lonely in this strange house and eager to have Penoochia and Alma play with her, but as soon as Miss Phoebe is able to be up, she tells Alma, very emphatically, that she will not need them any longer. There is nothing for them to do but leave, but before they go Angel calls their attention to the model of a ship on the mantel—"The Sally Severn—Gloucester." In another room he has noticed a portrait of a handsome young man,

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded Up House," "Melissa-Across-the-Fence," "The Girl Next Door," "When a Cobbler Ruled a King," etc.

completely covered by a velvet curtain, and through the open window in the painting can be seen a ship like the model in the

parlor. Realizing that Miss Phoebe is worrying about her sister's disappearance, the children send a "personal" to be inserted in a New York newspaper, asking Miss Euphemia to hurry home. Angel fixes up a pulley leading from his back yard to Shirley's window, so that they may send messages back and forth. In her first note Shirley tells them how grieved she is and that Miss Phoebe is very provoked with her, having accused her of going into the room downstairs where the picture of the handsome young man was kept, because the window had been left open and the black velvet curtain over the portrait disarranged. Alma declares that Shirley shall not suffer the consequences of something that she and Angel and Penoochia have done and goes right over to tell Miss Phoebe all about it. To her surprise, Miss Phoebe offers to tell her the story of the picture behind the velvet curtain.

CHAPTER IX

THE CADYS' STORY

I CAN'T tell the story in just the words Miss Phoebe told it to me. I don't remember them all and she stopped many times and sat thinking a long while and it all seemed very hard for her. And I, of course, couldn't say a word but sat perfectly still and just let her talk, for somehow I felt she wanted to.

After the first long silence she said she supposed I'd seen the picture behind the curtain and I said, yes, I had.

Then she said, "That was my brother!" And she sat a long while without saying any more. At last I couldn't stand the silence any longer and I said, "Is he—still living?"



She said she didn't know and then added something that startled me more than anything she'd said yet. For it was: "Shirley is his child! She is our niece!"

I didn't know what to make of it all. I couldn't say anything in answer to this, so I just waited until she went on again. This time she began and told me something about their life in Gloucester when she and Miss Euphemia were young women and their little brother was hardly older than Castor and Pollux next door. She said they had all adored him—the father, too, who was a famous sea captain who owned and commanded the "Sally Severn." He had to be away on long, long cruises and left the care of the little boy to them, as their mother was dead.

Then he grew up, this boy, Philo Cady. (How I jumped when she mentioned that name!) He took to the sea like his father, in the position of under officer on the "Sally."

"That was a proud day for my father," said Miss Phoebe, "when Philo became second mate on his ship. But it was a prouder

one, some years later when my father, then an old man, gave up being the captain and handed over the ship to Philo to command. As he stood on the deck with Philo on the day my brother set sail on his first voyage as captain, my father's last words to him were: 'The "Sally" is the pride of my life, lad, standing only second to you. Stand by her to the last and be worthy of the rank you bear.'"

Miss Phoebe then went on to tell that Philo never saw his father again as the old man died before his son returned from that long voyage to the Far East. Then for several years more he continued to make the long voyages, becoming a skilled and respected captain and well loved by everyone, even his lowest sailor. Miss Phoebe and Miss Euphemia remained in Gloucester and kept house for him whenever he was home between his trips. They were very happy.

"But it couldn't stay like that," said Miss Phoebe. "Things seldom do stay the same I suppose. One day we got a letter—my sister and I—from our brother. This was singular, as we had supposed he was then returning from a voyage to the East Indies. Naturally, we would not hear from him, in this case, until his ship came to port, at home. The letter

came from Liverpool, England, and told us strange, unbelievable news. Philo said in it that he was weary of the sea, so weary of it that he had no desire even to bring back his ship to America. He had sailed it thus far from the East Indies, but felt he could not endure even the voyage across the Atlantic to his own home. He said he had never gone to sea willingly, anyhow; that he had only done so to please Father and had grown more disgusted with the life as every year passed by.

He had never said anything of this to us because he knew we would never approve and would try to persuade him to remain as he was. He said he knew that if he came home, we would use every argument to drive him back to the sea and he might give in to us, against his own judgment. So he would not return to us, but stay where he was, sending the "Sally" back to Gloucester in charge of her first mate. We could then do with the vessel what we would, sell her or continue to own her, hiring another captain. He himself intended to remain in Liverpool and take up a mercantile life."

Miss Phoebe put her hand over her eyes and sat for several minutes without saying any more. I was beginning to see some explanation to things, but still I couldn't understand why they should take it so hard because he'd done a thing like that. But after a while she went on to say that she and her sister were so thoroughly shocked that they did what was for them a very strange and unusual thing. They went to New York and took passage on a steamer and landed in Liverpool themselves after two weeks.

They had no trouble in finding their brother through information gained in shipping circles, but when they found him they had another shock. For he had just married a beautiful English girl whose home was in Liverpool and whom he had carried as a passenger all the way from Sydney, Australia, where she had been spending a year with some relatives. She herself disliked the sea so much and suffered so from seasickness that she had declared she would never cross any ocean again as long as she lived. Therefore, as he loved her very dearly, he knew that he must live in England or give her up forever. And this, added to the fact that he was so tired of sea life himself, had caused him to make the decision.



"We felt that we could not forgive him," said Miss Phoebe, "for not at least bringing back his ship and telling us what he planned to do. And why had he married without letting us know? He said that a letter had been sent to us on the day of his wedding, telling us all about it, but that we had doubtless left before its arrival. He said he knew we would object to the whole thing with all our might, and that he could not go back to face our displeasure. As for bringing home the ship, the first mate was quite as able to do that as himself.

"We saw that we could do nothing about the whole thing. He cared for his English wife more than he did for us, and nothing at all any more for the sea and his command and the beautiful 'Sally Severn.' So we left him and returned home, grieved and cut to the heart by his conduct. But the worst was yet to come, for shortly after our return, news reached us that in a terrible storm at sea, the 'Sally Severn' had sunk with all on board but one sailor, who was picked up next day by another vessel.

"On that day all our love for our brother died—or we thought it did—and we decided to cut the memory of him out of our lives. We felt it to be his fault that so many gallant lives had perished, not to speak of the beautiful ship going to the bottom. Had he stuck to his post, it might not have happened, for he was very expert in handling a ship. We wished to think no more of him—ever. So we sold our home, disposing of or destroying everything that had been his. My sister, who was always more forgiving toward him than I, insisted on keeping his portrait, but I made her hang it in that room which we never use, and cover it with the velvet curtain. So we preserved both that and this model of the ship you see on the mantel."

Miss Phoebe then went on to tell me how they had decided to come to Cedarcrest to live—it was a far distant town from their own home, where no one knew them or was interested in them. They bought the house on the corner and shut themselves up in it, intending to pass the rest of their lives that way, meeting as few people as possible and telling no one of their secret and their sorrow.

"As the years went by, I suppose we grew queerer and lived more to ourselves than ever," she said. "It grew to be a habit. We had no interest in others outside and we wished no one to know or be interested

in us. Perhaps it is not right to live that way. I have begun to think so lately.

"We heard nothing from our brother and never sent him news of ourselves. We kept his picture hanging in the study, covering it as you have seen with the velvet curtain. We kept it, not for his sake, for but our father's and because it contained also the likeness of the ship we had loved. Then one day we received the news that our brother had disappeared mysteriously from England, leaving his wife and a small baby there, and that the wife had taken her baby and come to America in search of him. This news we heard through an old friend of ours who lived in Gloucester and who had thought we ought to know. She was the only one to whom we had confided our new address. My brother, it seemed, had been in very poor circumstances for several years past—almost in want. But he had never let us know."

Miss Phoebe covered her eyes with her hand after she had said this and was quiet again for several minutes. I could see that it made her very sad. But later she went on to tell me how they had at last discovered the whereabouts of the wife and daughter in America.

"She had landed in Boston with the baby," said Miss Phoebe, "and lodged for a while with a very kind woman to whom she had been recommended—a Mrs. Simmons. But it was only a short time after she got there that she suddenly had died, leaving the baby in Mrs. Simmons' care and asking that she communicate with us. Mrs. Simmons did so and asked what she was to do about the baby. I suppose if we had been—different—we would have gone there at once and—taken the child. But we had lived so long in this fashion that we felt we could not—that we didn't even care to see her. Still, we felt that she must be provided for, so we wrote and asked

Mrs. Simmons if she were willing to keep her and bring her up, provided we sent her the money to do so. She replied that she certainly would, as she was growing very fond of the child. And so she has kept Shirley with her until recently, telling her nothing of her parents or of us, at our request, and calling her Shirley Brown.

"Then a short time ago, we received word from her that she felt she was growing too old to have the care of Shirley any longer, and was herself going to live henceforth



with a married daughter, and said that some other provision must be made for Shirley. My sister and I were upset by this, but finally decided that Shirley must come to live with us. The thing could be postponed no longer. We did not intend to explain her presence to anyone, simply to say we had adopted a strange child. We wished no talk on the painful subject. That is how she came to be here, and—"

Miss Phoebe had gotten just as far as this when there came a strange interruption. A taxicab drove up noisily to the gate and someone came up the walk onto the veranda and opened the front door. Miss Phoebe started to her feet, whispering, "Who—who is that?" when suddenly the door of the parlor opened and two people entered the room. One of them was Miss Euphemia, breathless, her hat awry, and the strangest expression on her face. The other was a gray-haired man who seemed rather as if he didn't want to come in, or as if he were afraid to.

Miss Phoebe gave one long look at the man, as if she had been struck dumb. Then she walked straight over to him and into his arms, and all she said was:

"Philo!"

It is two or three months now since all that happened, and things at the Cady house are very different. I was so amazed that day when Miss Phoebe was telling me her story and suddenly her sister and the long-lost brother walked into the room, that I didn't know what to do for a minute. But after she'd said, "Philo!" I concluded that the best place for me was outside; so I slipped away into the hall and no one even noticed that I'd gone for a long while.

I sat on the stairs and tried to decide what I'd better do. I wondered whether I ought to go up and tell Shirley that her father was there, but decided that the Cady sisters had better do that. I wanted awfully to go out and tell Penoochia all about it, but thought perhaps someone might want me for something later and that I'd better wait where I was for the present.

After a while, Miss Euphemia came out and saw me sitting there. I expected that she'd tell me I'd better go home and to run along, but what she really did do was the most surprising thing that had happened yet. For she put her arms about me and hugged me close to her and said, quite huskily:

"You dear little thing! If it hadn't been for you, I never would have known about my brother. Do

tell me, Alma, how did you ever come to do it?"

For a moment, I was so astonished at this change in Miss Euphemia that I couldn't speak just at first. Then I told her all I'd told Miss Phoebe and how we'd formed a club to help them because they seemed in trouble, and about how I'd discovered the "personal" in the paper and thought she ought to see it. I also told her that Miss Phoebe had just been telling me all the story of their brother's disappearance.

"Well, I'll tell you the rest," said Miss Euphemia, when I'd finished. "It's needless to say, I was dumfounded when I discovered that 'personal' in the bouquet of flowers you left for me. I never stopped to consider how you came to do such a strange thing or what interest you could possibly have in it. I never thought of that side again till this minute. I thought of nothing except the fact that our brother must be alive and searching for us and that I must find him as soon as possible.

"You may wonder why I went off in that strange way without even letting my sister know, but I had a reason for that. She had never loved Philo quite so much as I had and had never forgiven him for what he had done. I feared that she might still be implacable and unforgiving, and make objections to our getting in touch with him. So I decided, on the spur of the moment, to go off by myself to New York and find him, bringing him back with me next day. I knew so little about such things that I thought I had only to inquire at the newspaper office and learn his whereabouts at once.

"So I left, before any questions could be asked and stayed over night at a hotel in the city. But at the newspaper office I found that he had not been in for several days. No one knew anything of his whereabouts and the only thing I could do was to insert an advertisement myself in the paper, telling him of my whereabouts and asking him to come to me. This took two days more and it was not till this morning that he came to my hotel and found me and we were reunited

at last. I brought him straight back here." And she sighed happily.

"It must be wonderful, Miss Euphemia," I stammered, "to—to see him again and know that he is—all right. Did you think he was dead, before?"

"I did," she answered. "I was sure of it. But my sister thought differently. She believed he had simply deserted his wife and child as he had his



ship, and was glad to get away from us all. As it happens, we were both mistaken. The story of his disappearance is this: he was walking one night on the water front of Liverpool, alone and very late. He said he often walked there, looking for his ship, 'The Sally Severn,' which he never could believe had really sunk. He had learned once that the sailor who told the story had admitted afterward that he had jumped from the ship on a little raft, the night before the ship was supposed to have gone down, because there was a mutiny on board and he was afraid. He said most of the crew had mutinied against the mate who was sailing the ship home, and wanted to take her away to some far eastern port and run her themselves, sending back word home that she had been wrecked. My brother, Philo, came to believe that this is what had really happened and that sometime he would surely see that ship again. So he got to haunting the waterside.

"On that particular night, while he was standing at a dock staring at a ship that reminded him slightly of the 'Sally,' he was suddenly hit violently on the head from behind and knew nothing more about himself or anything that concerned him, till he suddenly came to himself in the port of Shanghai, China, a few months ago, and found himself an ordinary sailor on a tramp-steamer, standing at the ship's side and staring at a sailing-ship in the next dock that was the perfect image of the 'Sally Severn.' The ship wasn't called the 'Sally' but 'The Thomas G. Cronin,' but he said he could never mistake it. It was the 'Sally' in every line and spar and rope."

"But where had he been in the meantime?" I interrupted, for it seemed as if I couldn't wait to hear anything but the marvelous explanation.

"Wait! I am coming to that." Miss Euphemia smiled. "He couldn't think what had happened, for a while, or how he came to be in that strange place which he recognized, for he had been there many times before in former years. But after a while he thought it all out. Without a doubt, he had been hit on the head that night by something heavy that had either dropped or been thrown accidentally from the ship near which he was standing. Once in a while such a blow will cause a person to lose his memory for a long while and act as if he were someone else. This is doubtless what happened to him. On questioning his fellow-sailors on the tramp-steamer, he found that they knew him as 'John Ryerson' and that by the same name he had been known several years while he had been sailing as a common seaman on tramp-steamers between London and the Far East.

"It was undoubtedly the sight of the ship that seemed like the 'Sally' that had suddenly restored his memory. He lost no time when he got back to England in looking up his wife and child, only to learn that they had gone, after his disappearance, to America and been lost track of. Then he himself embarked as a common sailor on a vessel for



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New York and went straight to Gloucester, his old home, thinking to find his wife and child with us and to explain it all to us. He found in Gloucester that we had sold our old home and that no one knew our whereabouts or even if we were still alive, for the old friend we had known was now dead.

"Then he returned to New York and inserted the 'personal' which you so fortunately saw and gave to me. He also inserted the same in the Boston papers. Mrs. Simmons might have seen it and communicated with us, but for the fact that she had left to go to her daughter in the South. So you see it was only your foresight that saved us from the possible fate of never seeing our brother again and Shirley never having her father."

Again Miss Euphemia hugged me and I hugged her back, too amazed at all she'd told me to be able to speak.

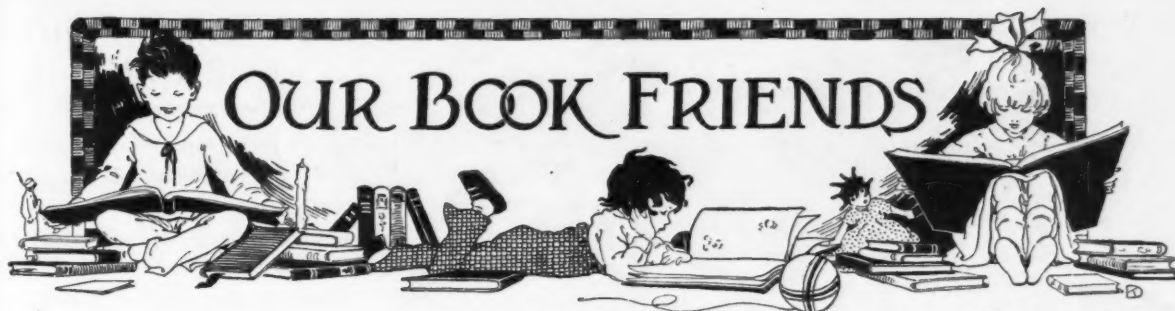
"I must tell you one thing more before I go to bring Shirley down to meet her father," went on Miss Euphemia. "Philo tells us that he has made extensive inquiries also into the history of the ship, 'Thomas G. Cronin,' and there is no doubt but that she had been at one time sailing under some other name, for the man who bought her in Shanghai said that she was offered for sale to him in that port some ten years ago by a lot of sailors who seemed pretty anxious to get rid of her and could tell him or *would* tell him nothing of her history. He is willing to sell her back to my brother at a fair price, so we expect soon to have the 'Sally Severn' once more in the family.

"There is just one thing more I want to say," ended Miss Euphemia, after hugging me for the third time. "My sister and I would prefer not to have this story known to any but your little club and your mother, Alma, if you would like to tell her. The rest of the world need only know that my brother has returned from abroad and that he and his little daughter are to live with us hereafter. As to your little club, I think a great deal of it—so much that I'd like this little pink ribbon you've embroidered for my own, to keep in memory of this wonderful time. Keep on with the club and admit our Shirley to it. She will love it, and we Cadys still need a great deal of help. We have almost forgotten how to live like other people. You must show us how."

She gave me one final hug and went upstairs to get Shirley, and I ran out to tell the wonderful news to Penoochia and Angel.

The other day we were all sitting in the Cady's yard—Shirley and Penoochia and Castor and Pollux and I—for Miss Phoebe has asked us to come in every day and amuse Shirley, and she doesn't care how much noise we make. Angel, who had just run over from his own yard, put an apple on top of the head of Skeezeicks, the fat fountain child, and was pretending that he was William Tell and had to shoot it off or sacrifice his son. Castor and Pollux were his enemies and we girls were Swiss

(Continued on page 370)



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

"The centipede was happy quite,
Until the frog for fun,
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
Which wrought his mind to such a pitch
He lay distracted in the ditch
Considering how to run."

FOR some time I have been wondering—and very seriously—just what it is about some books which we read which makes us call them *funny* and why it is, when we find several *funny* stories, that they are never comical or droll in the same way. Take, if you will, *The King's Breakfast* by A. A. Milne and *The Magic Fishbone* by Charles Dickens. Provided you can keep your thoughts off the curious expression of the Dairymaid which set the whole world asking, "Why did the Cow go to bed at breakfast time?" you will remember that both stories are about the family life of a king and queen—he "the manliest of his sex, and she the loveliest of hers." And yet, even though the stories both begin with a king and queen they are not an atom alike. Your friend, Mr. Milne, says that *The King's Breakfast* should be read without any "expression"—not even when "he kissed her tenderly" and "slid down the banisters." "If these words are 'funny' they will be twice as funny for being said in just the same voice, as if one way was as good as and natural as another for celebrating the appearance of the butter." We have the feeling—partially from what we have heard about the King's sitting down to his morning meal and finding no butter on the table—that the other royal mother was a much more careful housekeeper. At least, we know that she bade King Watkins, on his way to the office, to buy a pound and a half of salmon not too near the tail.

Perhaps some stories make us laugh because in them there is much word twisting and clever turning of expressions. As two tales come to me—one about simple Boots, who outwitted and silenced a princess, *The Princess Whom No One Could Silence*, and *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, you will think of other instances of the same kind. What could be more fun than the Dutchess' advice to Alice—"Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise."

Sometimes folks get themselves into predicaments which are full of humor and which cause us much amusement before they are safely out of their trouble. Of course, we think of *Don Quixote*, of *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, of *Pinocchio*, of *The Peterkin Papers*, of *What Happened to Inger Johanne*. A delightful tale, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish and written around the old Mother Goose rhyme, "The Queen of Hearts," by Louise Saunders, is called *The Knave of Hearts*.

In the play *Lady Violetta*, slim and fair, is expected to set an example in tart-making for all the other women of the land. Only upon successful completion of her task will the Chancellor permit her to wed Pompdebile, The Eighth, King of Hearts (pronounced Pompdibile). Poor Violetta does not know a thing about cooking, and about all the help Blue Hose and Yellow Hose, the pastry cooks are, is to stand around, white as stalks of celery, and remark that they have found that the heaviest women make the lightest pastry and vice versa.

There are dozens of *funny* stories which center on animals. If there are people in the book, unless it is a child or a group of children, it very often happens that they are the cause of the merriment. Ask yourself if that is not the case in *The Monkey That Would Not Kill*, in *The Arkansaw Bear*, *The Fat of the Cat* and *Other Stories*. In *Just So Stories*, *The Book of Cheerful Cats*, *Three Blind Mice*, and *The Cozy Lion*, the animals make most of the fun. In *The Adventures of A Brownie*, *Poppy Seed Cakes*, the *Doctor Dolittle* books, it is a combination of circumstances which provokes laughter and makes us turn to those refreshing stories again and again.

Since in *funny* stories "there's no accountin' for tastes," as the man said when he found the monkey eatin' glue, (*Voyage of the Hoppergrass*) we will turn, for our own part, to Lear's *Nonsense Verse* or to Laughing Legends in *This Singing World* and leave you to smile where you will.

"BELL AND WHIP AND HORSE'S TAIL"

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Illustrated in colors by Atilio Mussino
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(Continued on page 372)



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JUST AROUND OUR CORNER

(Continued from page 368)

ladies or something of the kind.

All of a sudden Penoochia thought of something (she's always thinking of something else at odd times) and began to giggle.

"What are you giggling at now?" I demanded, and she said:

"Do you remember the first day I knew you and we were talking about Miss Phoebe and Miss Euphemia, and you said you were going to be very nice to them and see if you couldn't get them to like you a little bit, and maybe sometime they'd tell you all about the mystery? And I said, 'You're crazy!'"

"Yes," I answered. "I remember it, but what of it?"

"I just want to say that I was mistaken," she replied very solemnly, "and that I humbly beg your pardon! Good-bye, for the present. I'm going in to make a pan of penoochia!" And she scrambled over the fence.

THE END



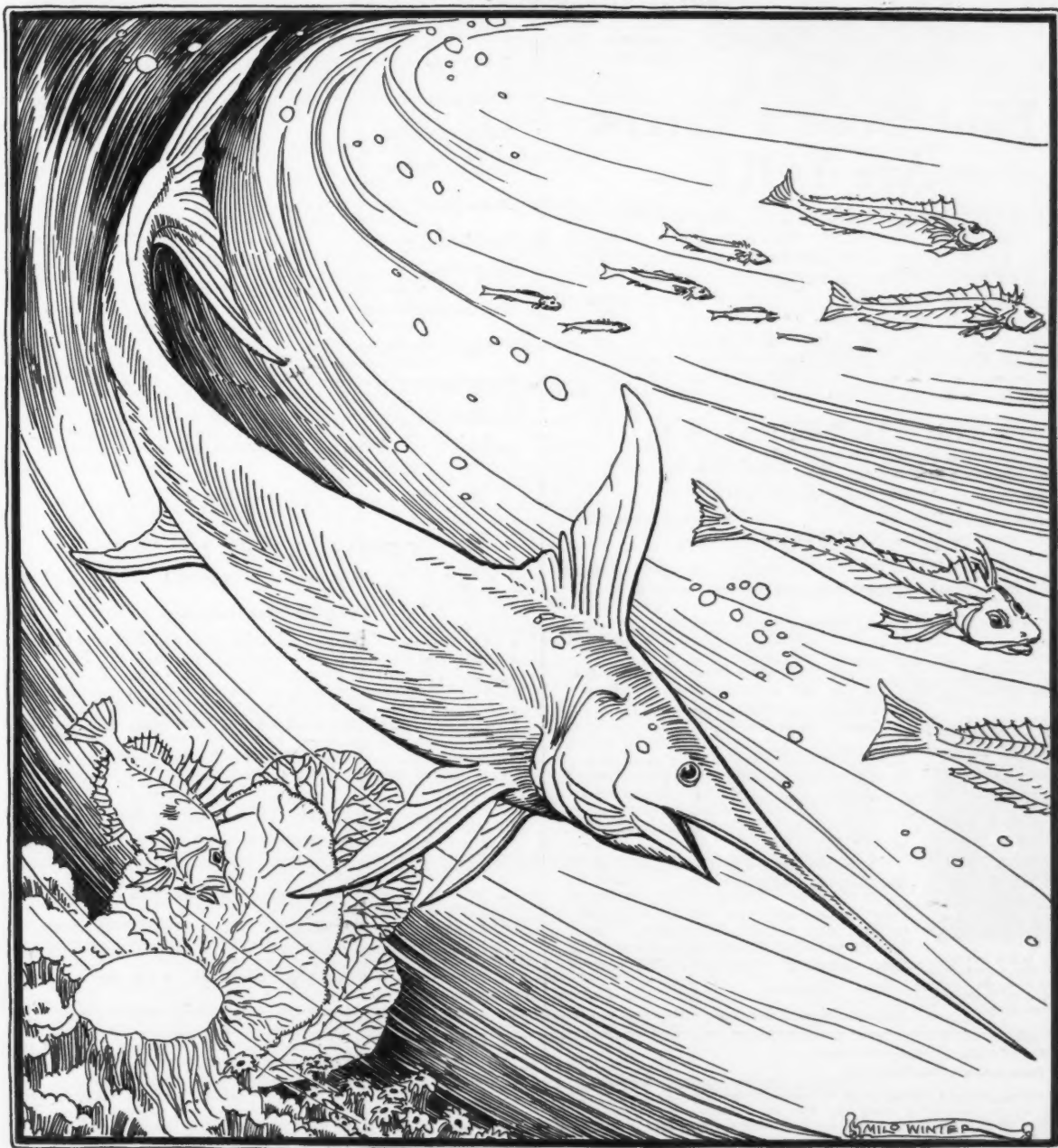
THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHIP

By MARION CADDELL

WHEN everybody is comfortably seated in a circle, one of the players jumps up with a handkerchief in his hand and throws it at a companion, saying, "The ship has arrived full of r—" (or any other letter he chooses). The receiver of the handkerchief must reply instantly by naming a noun beginning with that letter, such as "roses." He will then throw it quickly to some one else, repeating the phrase and name a letter, and so on. This game should be played with much speed as it makes it more exciting. The same letter may be repeated, but not the same word. Those who cannot reply instantly, or at least while the numbers, one, two, three, are being counted, should pay forfeits.

WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

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(Continued from page 369)

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- Wonderful Adventures of Ludo, the Little Green Duck
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GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 361)

League Membership

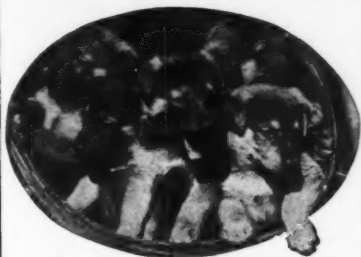
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5. I fastened suet to the tree for the birds.
6. I put wire guards around our trees to keep the cats away.
7. I kept my cat shut up at night, so it could not hunt birds.
8. I learned how birds help the farmer.
9. I signed the pledge not to molest birds in any way.
10. I fed nuts to the squirrels.
11. I cared for the chickens properly.
12. I was kind to all animals at all times.
13. I removed pieces of metal, glass or nails from the road or street, so they could not injure an animal.
14. I learned the name of a humane officer in my town.
15. I learned the name of the nearest humane society, and something about it.
16. I learned one state law for protecting domestic animals.
17. I read a good animal story.
18. I made a list of the things the horse does for us.
19. I learned how my town cares for friendless animals.
20. I read about one great leader in the humane movement.
21. I learned about the work of our nearest humane society.
22. I learned several new facts about Rosa Bonheur.
23. I learned to recognize several of the pictures she painted.
24. I read about Sir Edwin Landseer, the great animal painter.
25. I learned to recognize one of his pictures.

(Continued on page 380)



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Dog Poems for June

SPOT

I HAVE a little doggie
His name is short—'tis Spot;
And every place you think
he's in,
In that place he is not.

When he is happy, you should
see

Him wag his stubby tail;
But when he's spanked—you
ought to hear
My Spotty weep and wail.

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are a special strain of pedigree dogs highly developed for the all-round purposes of house-guards, automobile companions, children's playmates, men's pals; hunters and retrievers of all wild game; also stock drivers of cattle and sheep. Exclusively bred and sold by the world's largest dog kennels whose complete illustrated catalog will be mailed to your address for ten cents postage.

OORANG KENNELS, Box 28, La Rue, Ohio

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs



"Character plus Appearance."
You can pay more but you can't get a better dog.

SUN BEAM FARM
STRONG HEART KENNELS
East Pike, New Brunswick, N. J.



Largest Kennel of ENGLISH BULL TERRIERS

in Middle West

All our dogs have gone to winners in one or more shows. Some of finest blood lines in America and Canada.

NEDLA KENNELS
Mannheim Road and Lake Street
Melrose Park, Illinois

The CHILD LIFE Dog Department

IF YOU should like to have a friendly dog we will be glad to answer any questions about them. We will tell you what dogs make the best companions, about how much they cost, and, if you like, we will recommend the best

kennels near your home for your convenience.

The Dog Department of CHILD LIFE has helped many of its little readers in the selection of these lovable pets and is able to give you good, reliable advice about them.

Just Write to

CHILD LIFE, DOG DEPARTMENT
536 South Clark Street - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns



IT IS June-time, tune-time! The birds, butterflies and bees are making a merry little breeze in the paper doll garden.

Joyce would rather be a butterfly than a paper doll. She likes the way a butterfly flutters and she likes its pretty colors. So we shall dress her as near as possible like one.

She is wearing a cunning, flowered taffeta dress, trimmed with darker ribbon bands. It is quite the thing for garden parties and youthful butterfly persons.

In her yellow organdie dress, with sunbonnet to match, it is hard to believe she is not a butterfly.

Her pongee dress is just the thing for gathering flowers, and the long sleeves protect her arms from the sun.

Wouldn't it be fun, when you skipped and played in your own garden, to look like one of the butterflies there?

CHILD LIFE can send you patterns for all of these paper doll dresses.

Pattern No. 4704, 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years.

Pattern No. 5207, 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3, and 5 years.

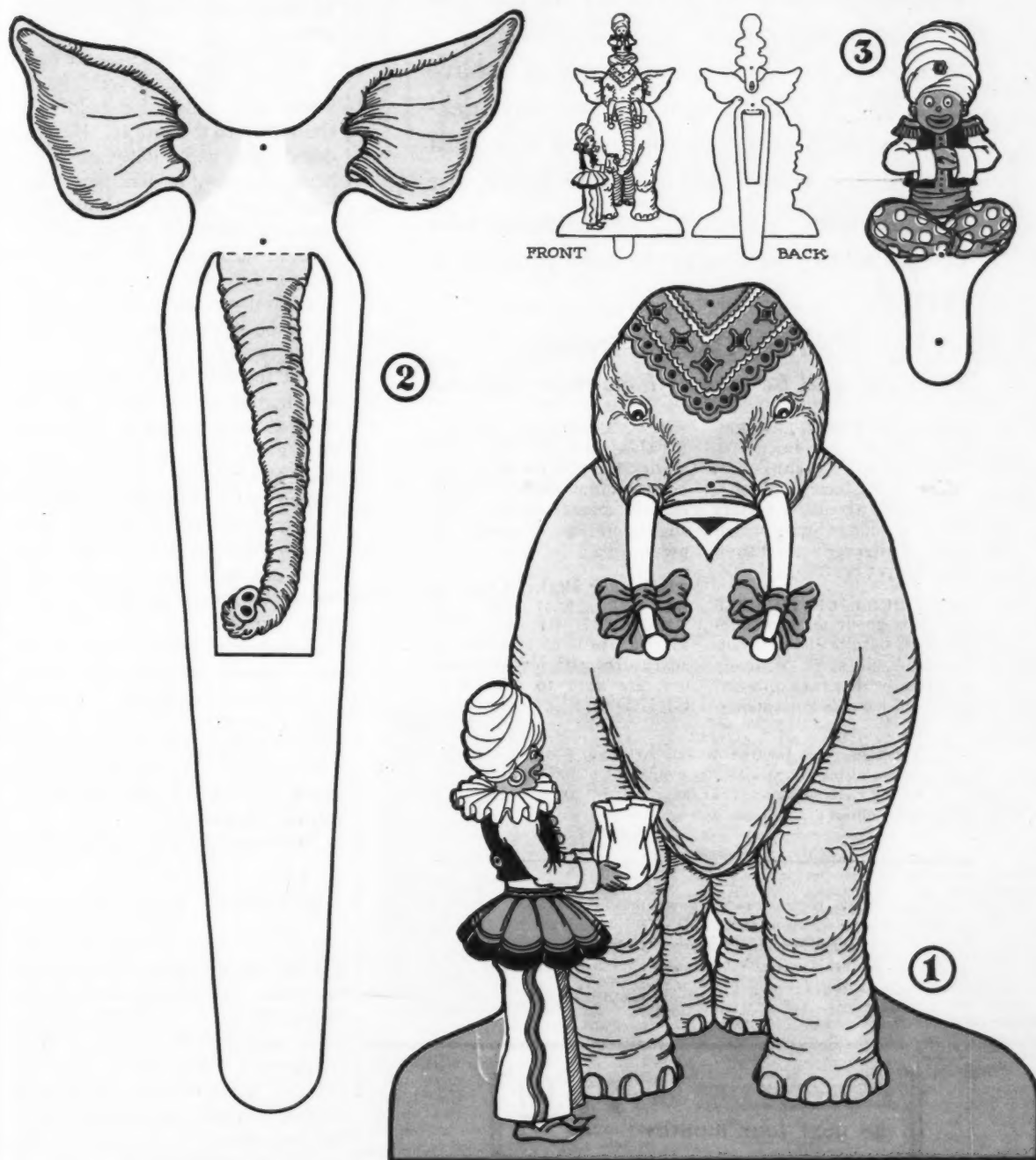
Pattern No. 5066, 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

THE ELEGANT ELEPHANT

By John Dukes McKee.



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on stiff, but not heavy cardboard. Make up the three pieces, being sure to make an opening for the trunk on piece 1, and in the large space around the trunk on piece 2. Slip the trunk in piece 2 through the opening in mouth of 1, so that the ears will be behind head. Put a pin through the black dot just above the opening in figure 1 and through the dot at the base of trunk in piece 2, and bend back. Run a pin through dot at top of piece 2 and through dot at bottom of 3, and bend back end of pin to keep from

coming out. If you wish, you may cut off point of pin and slip over end a small square of cork or rubber eraser to hold it in place. Now run a pin through dot at top of headdress 1, and through dot just below cuff of the man's trousers in 3, and bend end of pin over. See that all pieces move easily. To operate, hold toy with one hand and move the handle extending out at base, from side to side. The trunk will swing from side to side, the ears will flap and the rider will sway in a most regal manner.



YOU are going away this summer and, of course, you'll want each number of **CHILD LIFE** just as soon as it appears.

So we have made it easy for you to have **CHILD LIFE** all summer long by making a special offer. Simply sign and mail the coupon below and **CHILD LIFE** for July, August, September and October will be mailed to you as soon as each number is printed.

Mail the Coupon Below

Then you will be sure to have these features

GRIMSEL—THE PERFORMING BEAR by Lucy M. Blanchard, author of "Clarita," "Chico," and other very popular books, is a story about a young Swiss wood-carver's strange adventures with his pet bear.

THE THRILL OF THIMBLE CAMP is about an honest-to-goodness hero, a clever invention and all sorts of lively experiences that turn up when Slim and his pals go camping.

AN UNEXPECTED PRIZE—in this, and in other new stories, the popular Betty Sue has much fun with a Fourth of July parade, a lost ring, and a new sort of a surprise party.

TWO NEW SERIALS, ROGER AT THE HELM and THE TREASURE OF BELDEN PLACE, full of fascinating adventures with hidden treasure, are soon to appear in **CHILD LIFE**.

Many of your favorite writers are now working on dozens of the best stories you ever read to interest you during vacation days. Your favorite artists are drawing their jolliest pictures, too.

Many regular readers have difficulty in buying each issue of **CHILD LIFE** during the Summer vacation months. It is for them that this special subscription offer has been arranged.

Tear off
Coupon here

**[[CHILD LIFE for \$1.00
the next four months]]**

CHILD LIFE

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

I will take advantage of your special Summer vacation offer—the next four issues of **CHILD LIFE** for \$1.00. A dollar bill is enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

J 6

THE THRILL OF THIMBLE CAMP

(Continued from page 331)

fall in, it was only that he'd like to have the fellows come to think he wasn't such a bad chap to have around.

Really now, what should he do if one of the boys were in the water and called for help? He shuddered to think of it. He shuddered again as he felt, rather than heard or saw, a dim figure pass him, stand on the threshold a moment, then disappear in the outside darkness. He must have imagined it. He was a coward. He guessed it was lucky there wouldn't likely be more than enough water in the pond for wading.

Yet the rain was beating harder and harder on the roof. He had read of ways to rescue folks. He had even seen a demonstration once, of a life guard towing another person to the shore, and wondered if he could remember it now. With Nick's help to-morrow and that bean can he'd been figuring on—did it ever rain as hard as this back home?

A horrible groan came to his ears. He sat upright. The groaning increased in volume. Cupe and Nick jumped up. A flash of lightning revealed their faces blanched with fright. The whole building shook and rattled with the heavy thud of thunder.

(To be concluded in the July issue of **CHILD LIFE**.)

HIDING THE BIRD

By HELEN CROUCH PATTERSON

THIS game is played with one of those cunning celluloid birds. One child is given the bird to hide, while several children go to another part of the yard or garden. The rest stay to watch where the bird is hidden. When a good hiding place has been found (it must be in plain sight), the children who left are called back. They must look for the bird without saying a single word. Even when they spy it, they must not tell where it is by word or look, but they may then join the children who know where the bird is. Of course, no one wishes to be the last to find it.



CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

• CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HOLLYHOCKS

Old-fashioned flowers! I love them all.
The morning-glories on the wall,
The pansies in their patch of shade,
The violets stolen from a glade,
The bleeding hearts and columbine
Have long been garden friends of mine.
But memory every summer flocks
About a clump of hollyhocks.

MARJORIE NOXON,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I was nine years old the sixth of December and my Aunt Edna gave me CHILD LIFE as my birthday gift.

I am in the fifth grade at school. I have a brother, Robert, six years old. I, also, have a sister, Doris, five years old.

I live on a large farm in Wisconsin. I have a pet dog called "Snooper" and a cat named "Mary." I am not old enough to do much work but I keep the wood box in the kitchen filled and milk two cows every night. I also drove the hayfork team last summer during haying. I raised a garden and flowers last year and expect to do so this year. In winter I go coasting.

I want to join the Joy Givers' Club, so will you please send me a membership card? I enjoy the stories in CHILD LIFE so much, and I would like to have a letter from a CHILD LIFE reader.

Your friend,
DOUGLAS HEBERLEIN,
Portage, Wis.



DOROTHY AND HER COUSINS

Dear Miss Waldo:

My sister Pauline and I have taken CHILD LIFE for over three years, and we just love it. May we please join the Joy Givers' Club? I am ten years old and Pauline is seven years. This year we gave CHILD LIFE to our cousin, Curtis Miller, for his Christmas gift. He likes it so well and his brother and sister like it too. I am sending you a picture of Pauline and myself on our wheels and a picture of Curtis and his brother and sister, Thelma and Howard, taken on their farm last summer. The biggest boy is Curtis and the second girl is me.

My sister and I have nearly finished the bed quilt pieces that were in the CHILD LIFE each month. We are going to put them together as soon as we have finished

outlining them in blue. Isn't it fun to do the many things in CHILD LIFE? Even Mother loves CHILD LIFE. We love all the girls and boys who write.

Your loving friend,

DOROTHY DOLL,
Huntington, L. I.

Dear Miss Waldo:

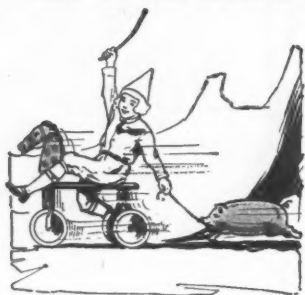
I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade at school. A few days before Lincoln's birthday, I took the February CHILD LIFE to school and showed the Lincoln birthday play, "Marching On," to one of my teachers. She agreed to help me and we got it up very nicely. We gave it in chapel, the Thursday before his birthday. Unfortunately, there wasn't a brunette girl in the room who was the right size to be Missy, so we used an extreme blonde. We blacked her face with burnt cork and put a tight-fitting black cap on her red hair. The school seemed to enjoy the play very much. We used a real chocolate cake with candles and for doing so well the teacher let us eat the cake. We shall have a holiday Washington's birthday.

I have a brother and sister both younger than I. We are all very interested readers of CHILD LIFE.

I would be very glad to receive a letter from some boy or girl who is a member of the Joy Givers' Club. I would like to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club. I think the idea is excellent.

Love,
KITTYE A. WILSON,
Henderson, Tex.

Age 12.



TOM

Tom, Tom the piper's son
Stole a pig and away he run!
He jumped astride his Dapple Gray
And soon was safely far away.

Outdoor days with Dapple Gray and his friends

Dapple Gray and his friends love the warm spring and summer days, too. They are a jolly bunch to play with on the sidewalks and in yards when it's warm enough to be outside. Dapple Gray's big rubber tires run easily anywhere and his bright colors are pretty any time.



Pedal Brake

Pedal Brake is for larger children who want something to "make go." The seat and wheels are hand-some red, and it has ball-bearing pedal action and a real brake that stops quickly but can not upset the rider. Gray rubber handle bar grips and pedals.



Snuggle Buggy

Mothers like Snuggle Buggy. It can be taken anywhere, for it folds up in a very small space for carrying up stairs, in street cars—just anywhere. Makes a fine bed for baby in the car. (Spring holds it securely to the floor.) Just the thing for camping trips.



Get this FREE Jingle Book



Simply send your name and address and we will send you free, the pretty Jingle Book, which contains many nursery rhymes and jingles about Dapple Gray. And if you care for it, we will also send complete information on all the Blue Ribbon Line.

Pedal Gray, a larger Dapple Gray model with pedals, Potty-Pat and Pedal Pat and the Original Brake Scooter are some more of Dapple Gray's friends which we are sure you would like.

Junior Wheel Goods Corporation
KOKOMO INDIANA

BLUE RIBBON

Quality Wheel Goods



KITES

Oh, kites are flying overhead,
While the sun's still in its bed;
Flying up above the trees,
Winds are whistling in many keys!

DOROTHY RAY ROBINSON,
Age 10. Waterloo, Iowa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have been taking CHILD LIFE since March, 1925. I certainly enjoy it. I think it is the most wonderful magazine in the world for children. I am eleven years old. I am very proud to be able to be called a Girl Scout. I think being a Girl Scout is wonderful and it helps you a lot. I went to camp for two weeks. The camp is at Lake Pleasant, eleven miles north of Elkhorn, Wisconsin. My CHILD LIFE came while I was gone, so Mother forwarded it, but I never got it, because the Elkhorn post office burned down, which was a tale of woe. It was the July issue. We had a wonderful camp life up there. It was a Girl Scout camp where we did everything for ourselves. The name of the camp was "Juniper Knoll." Here is the program of the day: Reveille sounded at 6:45, and we jumped out of bed for either upsets, or a "dip." Then we dressed in a hurry for colors. Breakfast was next, kamp kapers next, inspection next, then classes, swimming, lunch, the detested "rest hour," free hour, camp fire, bed and "taps," which sounded at nine o'clock standard time. I learned to swim, dive, float, swim under water, all in two weeks. There were five units. The girls were grouped according to age. I wish every CHILD LIFE reader were a Boy or Girl Scout and could go to camp. I would like to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club.

Yours truly,
MARTHA ERICSON,
Wilmette, Ill.

Age 11.



JEAN S. FUERST

VACATION

Vacation time is here!
Let us all begin to cheer
The teachers and the principals,
Like boys of yesteryear!

To the country some are going,
And some will stay at home,
But I am going camping
Where we'll roam and roam and roam.

JEAN S. FUERST,
New York City

Age 7 3/4.

KANGRU-SPRINGSHU



Price \$2.75

2 pairs for \$5.00

West of Rockies or
Canada \$3.00
2 pairs for \$5.50

Whoopee—Some Fun!

Every boy or girl who has put on KANGRU-SPRINGSHU says "they're great." Any child from 5 years of age can run and jump with them—KANGRU-SPRINGSHU make old games new and are perfectly safe.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR KANGRU-SPRINGSHU
IF HE IS OUT OF THEM SEND COUPON TO US

Littlefield Mfg. Co.
704 N. Green St., Chicago

Enclosed is \$..... for..... pairs KANGRU-SPRINGSHU with the understanding that money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name..... Age.....

Address..... Weight.....

City..... State.....



Velvet Grip Hose Supporters

PIN-ONS and SEW-ONS
in any length

Baby Midgets are the littlest garters for the littlest folks. Some have bows and some have none—but all are equipped with the oblong rubber button that keeps stockings taut without twisting or tearing.

For the older children, there are Velvet Grip hose supporters of every conceivable type and in every wanted style, all backed by the generations-old reputation for quality, workmanship and wear.

And don't forget the Knicker Bostons, —just like Dad's, in plain colors and heather mixtures for the knicker-clad boys—and girls, too.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON
Makers of the Famous
Boston Garter for Men

Boys and Girls!

Be sure to work the Advertising
Contest on page 322.

BIG-BANG

NO
MATCHES



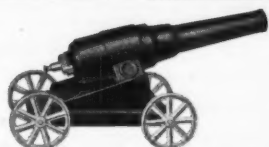
NO
POWDER

CELEBRATORS SAFE NOISE

Gentlemen:

The cannon ordered by my son, Horace F. Hanthorn, has just reached us and it is surely a pretty toy, and the idea of a SAFE noise is sure appealing to us mothers.

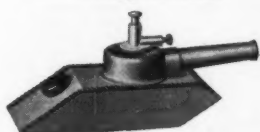
Mrs. M. F. Hanthorn



HEAVY ARTILLERY

MODEL 10 W PRICE \$3.00

This new model has four wheels and is mounted on a strong, steel carriage.



ARMY TANK

MODEL 5 T PRICE \$1.00

Fired like any BIG-BANG with the added feature that Tank can also be fired by stepping on the Ignitor.

No. 16 F—Price \$5.50, length 23 inches

No. 12 F—Price \$3.75, length 17 inches

No. 8 F—Price \$2.25, length 11 inches



FIELD ARTILLERY

Mounted on red wheels—comes in three sizes only

EXTRA SUPPLIES

Bangite (ammunition) per tube \$.15

Spark Plug (Ignitor) per card \$.10

BIG-BANG in military games, saluting and celebrating has the Glamor, the Flash and the Boom which appeals so strongly to every boy, with the absolute safety demanded by the most exacting parents.

SAFE NOISE FOR SALE

If your dealer cannot supply you, send Money Order or Check or pay the Postman for a BIG-BANG with a supply of Bangite (ammunition), which will be sent to you prepaid in U. S. A., together with complete directions.

OUR GUARANTEE. If the BIG-BANG is not entirely satisfactory return it at once and your money will be refunded without question.

The CONESTOGA CORPORATION
Bethlehem, Pa.

Formerly Toy Cannon Works

Avoid Imitations



**Safe
Milk**

and Food

For INFANTS,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers, etc.

ROSE

Dainty little rose,
How pretty she grows,
With her skirt of pink
And her hair of gold!
Many sweet stories
Of her are told!

Age 9.

ROSEMARY BLOOM,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I want to belong to the Joy Givers' Club. I like CHILD LIFE very much. My mother is English, and so she took us to England to see the sights there. I am sending a picture of my brother and me.

Age 8.

HARRY MATHER,
Kansas City, Mo.



HARRY MATHER AND HIS BROTHER

MY CHICKENS

Last year I sent for fifty Ancona eggs. I set them under hens. When they hatched I had forty-five chickens. When they got larger they went to roost in the trees. Before it was cold, I sold thirty roosters. I have sixteen hens now and get about five eggs a day. When I get home from school, I water and feed my chickens. Then after they have gone to roost, I put in the feed for morning. In the morning I give them potato peelings which they like very much.

Age 10.

JEAN EVELYN McMILLAN,
Traer, Iowa.

MY PONY AND ME

My pony's name is Blanche. She is black with three white spots on her, one by her tail, one by her mane, and one under her front legs.

Once my sister Jean and I were going to school on her; it was an icy day, and Blanche did not want to go, so she began to buck. She kept bucking until the cover on my dinner pail fell off, and a cookie fell out. Then she stopped bucking and ate the cookie.

Another time she ran away with a cart Papa made. Jean and I were riding up and down the road and she got tired and would not go any farther, so I got out and was going to lead her, but she would not lead, so I was going back to get into the cart when she started to run away. She ran down the road toward the gate. She ran into the barbed wire fence and scratched herself in the neck and forehead. She tipped the cart over and broke the seat off.

Age 7.

NELL McMILLAN,
Traer Iowa.



The Bye-Lo Baby Plays Pretend

Let's pretend you went into a store to get a baby doll just exactly like a darling live baby three days old, a genuine Bye-Lo Baby Doll like me—because I'm the only baby doll in the world like that. And let's pretend the store man said, "Yes, you can have a genuine Bye-Lo Baby Doll, but you must pick it out without seeing its face!" What would you do?

You could look for my birthmark. My birthmark is the name of the lady who designed me, Grace Storey Putnam. You'll find it on the back of my head, and I carry it on a tag, too, written just the way she writes it with a pen. As soon as you see her name, you'll know I'm a real Bye-Lo Baby whether you see my face or not.

I almost forgot to say I can sleep and cry, too, which makes me still more like a real baby. I can hardly wait for a little mother. Won't you come and get me soon, please?

Bye-Lo Baby Doll

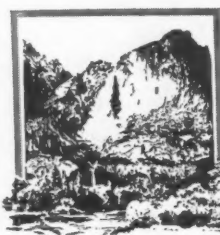
In nine sizes, 9 to 20 inches high, at leading toy and department stores. If not at your dealers, write Dept. 16 H and we will tell you where to get it.

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.
111-119 East 16th St. New York

Sole Licensees and Distributor of the
Genuine "K and K" Bye-Lo Baby

Grace Storey Putnam.
Originator of the Bye-Lo Baby Doll

**BYE-LO
BABY-DOLL**



Go! to Scenic Western Wonder- lands

THE charm of your trip to Western Vacation Lands depends upon these five essentials of a delightful journey, offered by the Missouri Pacific, D. & R. G. W., Western Pacific:

TRAVEL COMFORT

The Scenic Limited and the Westerner, from St. Louis to Colorado and the Pacific Coast. Observation, compartment, drawing-room and open section sleepers to Colorado. Through drawing-room sleepers to San Francisco. Dining car service.

LOW TOURIST FARES

Exceptionally low round trip fares available during summer season; return limit October 31.

CHOICE OF RETURNING ROUTES

A wealth of routes available for return trip; ask ticket agent.

Write For Descriptive Literature -- Booklet E-2.

SCENIC BEAUTY

Through majestic Royal Gorge, heart of the Rockies, past Salt Lake City, thence through colorful Feather River Canyon to the Golden Gate -- A route that takes the enraptured traveler straight through the heart of the Scenic wonderlands of the west.

LIBERAL STOP-OVERS

You may stop over anywhere en route, either on your trip west or returning.

C. L. Stone, Passenger Traffic Manager
MISSOURI PACIFIC R. R. CO.
Ry. Exch. Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.



GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 378)

Honor Roll for February

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during February:

Grace Adams	Helen Kilner
Virginia Aetzel	Kathryn Kilner
Pauline Andrews	Virginia King
Inez Argenio	Arthur Knight
Archie Baker	David Knight
Adolphus Ballantyne	John Kolar, Jr.
Robert Bannon	Mary Lacour
Lewis Barnes	Corene Lake
Velma Barton	Edna Lake
Garnet Bartram	Donald La Mur
Marjorie Bibler	David Leo
Alice Biedebach	Marjorie Lockwood
Amy Biedebach	Lola Mack
Irva Blood	John Martin
Robert Blood	Odessal Martin
Leonard Boehlke	Ruby Memler
Harold Brazel	Mary A. Meyer
Theresa Bucci	Annette Miller
Dorothy Buckley	Marjorie Murdoch
Martha Caldwell	Gertrude Nett
Joseph Carelli	Ruth Nett
Russell Caskey	Gwendolyn Newell
Louis Cella	Arthur Otto
Natalino Checoney	Glenn Pacey
George Childress	Alvin Pagel
Janet Christensen	Lorraine Perry
Mardell Coburn	Billie Mae Phenix
Caroline Corridoni	Joe Phillips
Joseph Corridoni	William Pontches
Inez Cotton	Charles Portwood
Lucien Cox	Hjalmar Rand
Helen Crawford	Doris Reasoner
Virginia Crever	Margaret Reid
Jerald Crosby	Margaret Repe
Mildred Daniels	Margaret Rich
Ralph Danner	William Rickman
Alma Desendorf	Basil Riese
Velma Drury	Eva Robbins
Anna Dyson	Alice Roberts
Margie Dyson	Junior Robinson
Willie Eckert	Carl Rosenbaum
George Falke, Jr.	Florence Rudolf
Virginia L. Fisher	Helen Rudolf
Catherine Flitter	James Russell
Edna Francis	Helen Russo
Osborne French	John Schenning
Phoebe Frye	Newton Schertzer
Rufus Gallien	Dorothy Schold
Harold Garwood	Raymond Schold
Beryl Gibson	Elaine Schuelke
Henry F. Glass	Vernon Schuelke
Ethel Good	Belva Seaton
Eleanor D. Gray	Edith Sexino
Robert Gregory	Thelma Shaf Frank
Harvey Grieger	Harley Shottliff
Max Guilberson	Lois Simms
Hillie P. Hall	Effie Solice
Georgia Hampton	Gingie Speckart
Willard Hartin	Ernestine K. Steffen
Herbert Heald	Keith Stewart
Howard Henry	Hilbert Stoltz
Lois Herbeck	Mary Sullivan
Joe L. Higgins	Gladys Sult
Helen Holdridge	Rosaline Thomason
Cornelia Holland	Frederick Thunberg
Viola Holland	Georgie Townsend
Ruby Holtorf	Dorothy Trambley
Ruth Holtdorf	Lydia Wagner
Audrey Hopkins	Jane L. Walker
Wesley Hopkins	Paul Weisant
Alice Hummer	Joseph Whitehead
Robert Huston	Ellen White
Dale Ihlenfeldt	Eugene Wilhite
Stanley Ihlenfeldt	Mathe Wilkerson
Harry Johnson	Elwyn Williams
Lester Johnson	Tessie Winn
Mabel Johnson	Robert Worleb
Dorothy Kanis	Charles C. Worley
Viola Kanis	Katherine E. Zeis
Delphos Kauffman	

Freedom to Mothers!

MANY a mother becomes a nervous wreck constantly watching the child who gets into everything. The NATIONAL CHAMPION SAFETY GATE used between rooms and on the porch eliminates this every-minute worry and vigil. As one mother puts it:

"It's a life-saver for me. I now arrange one room where Betty can have free play, with no danger of breaking anything, lock the NATIONAL CHAMPION SAFETY GATE and positively know that she is safe. I then do my housework in perfect peace. It also helps the child's training, as I do not have to be always yelling 'No, No' and 'Don't'."

One home uses six Safety Gates between rooms to "shut off" the child, at stairwell, basement steps, on the front porch, and at dangerous 2nd-story windows. Its uses are almost unlimited.

Secure it from your department, furniture or hardware store.

Ask for it by name

Manufactured by

The Holmquist-Swanson Co.
2756 W. Superior St. Chicago, Ill.

Mail This Coupon

Please send free booklet, "ESSENTIALS FOR THE BABY."

Your Name.....

Street and No.....

City and State.....

Honor Award Members

Honor Award pins were given recently to twenty-two members of the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League. The Honor pin is shaped like a shield and on its face it bears a torch. But the meaning of that torch only the Honor Members know. On the back—but then you will see that for yourself when you win one of these prizes for your own. The list of new Honor members follows:

Adolphus Ballantyne	Gertrude Nett
Ethel Blood	Gwendolyn Newell
Irva Blood	Evelyn Rubendal
Marian Holtzman	John Schenning
Stanley Ihlenfeldt	Dorothy Schold
Helen Kisiel	Mary Schold
Katherine Kisiel	Raymond Schold
Corene Lake	Elaine Schuelke
Melvin Lake	Ruth Stewart
Floyd Memler	Susan Whalen
Eilene Mosier	Gladys Witmer

(Continued on page 383)

LADY DAFFODIL

Lady, Lady Daffodil,
With sunshine for a hat,
I know my summer bonnet
Will not compare with that.

MOLLY SHARWOOD,
Richmond, Va.

Age 8.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I have taken CHILD LIFE for a year and I love it. My sister wanted me to take another child's book, but I told her "nothing doing."

We take pictures to school and write stories or poems about them. I wrote a long story which was played by my grade in chapel. I am eleven years old and I am in the fifth grade. Please somebody write to me.

I think CHILD LIFE is a most interesting book—a lot better than the books grown folks care for. Don't you think so, readers of CHILD LIFE? I know you all do.

I would love to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club.

Sincerely,
LUCILE LOGGINS,
Voldosta, Ga.

Age 11.

CHILD LIFE

My mother gave me CHILD LIFE
One pretty, sunny day.
I'd rather read my CHILD LIFE
Than play and play and play.

CHILD LIFE is so interesting.
"Bout "Just Around Our Corner,"
And pretty puzzles all about
Bo-peep and Jackie Horner.

LUCILE LOGGINS

SOON

The days are growing longer
And the summer's very near;
And soon the bright and happy songs
Of bluebirds we shall hear.

RUTH LINDSLEY,
Riverside, Calif.

Age 10.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am a member of your Joy Givers' Club, and have read CHILD LIFE every month. My auntie gets it for me at the news stand. I saw two letters in CHILD LIFE, one from Betty Boyer and one from Eugene Karstens; they were born in the same town I was—Fairbanks, Alaska. Could you publish my story in CHILD LIFE, so they can see it? I want to be a writer when I grow up. I like to write stories. This one is:

HOW THE CAT GOT ITS MEOW

One day a kitten pulled off the tablecloth of a table full of goodies. The racket brought the kitten's mother. When she had pushed her way through a crowd of people in the next room and squeezed through the door, the kitten was sitting up with his face and whiskers smeared with jelly and a contented look on his face. His mother came up with a switch in her hand and asked the kitten, "Who Spilt The Good Things?" The kitten answered "Me-ow." A resounding crack sounded out. The Mother had spanked her kitten. That was why he said "Me-ow." So ever after that, the cats and kittens said, "Me-ow."

EDWIN STEVENS,
Forest, Ohio.

Age 10.

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TO RIGHT OR LEFT

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Designed for the boy or girl who wants action.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

There were once three little kittens named Billy, Jackie and Frisky. They lived with their mother in a barn.

One nice bright morning Mrs. Cat said, "I am going out to find something to eat. Be good little kittens while I am away. You may play out of doors but do not run far away from home. If you see something that has rough fur on it run and hide in the barn. I will be back in a little while. Now remember to be very good."

Soon the little kittens were having a fine time playing. Just when they were having the most fun, Billy said, "Hark, what do I hear?"

"Nothing," said Jackie.

But Billy ran as fast as he could to the barn. Jackie and Frisky kept on playing but suddenly they heard a loud noise.

"What is that?" cried Frisky, but before they had time to run away a big dog sprang upon them and growled. The kittens were so frightened they kicked and scratched. Soon the dog ran away barking and howling because the kittens had scratched his nose.

After a while Mrs. Cat came home and said, "All those who have been good shall have a good dinner."

Just then Billy ran out and said, "I was good but Jackie and Frisky were not. Something did come so I ran away but they didn't. They only said that it wasn't anything. It was lucky that they got away."

The mother was happy to find the kittens all safe, and after that Jackie and Frisky were more careful. They all grew up to be very fine cats.

JUNE VAN PEURSEM,
Zuland, Mich.

Age 8.

HOW THE DEW CAME

Once upon a time there was a dear little fairy. Her name was Little Star. Little Star lived in a beautiful white lily by the Singing Brook. She loved the Brook, and often played in the clear water.

Now this was a long time ago, when the world was first made, and everybody was very happy.

But soon a great sorrow came to the people in the world. The flowers and trees died, and the birds stopped singing, the grass grew yellow, and the rivers and lake dried up.

No rain came for a long time. The babies and children cried for water and food, and the people were very sad.

When Little Star heard of this she became very unhappy, and she sat by the Singing Brook, and thought and thought. Finally she thought of a plan.

That night when the people were asleep, she took a large silver bowl with lots of tiny holes in the bottom and filled it with water from the Singing Brook (which had not dried up because it was a fairy brook), and flew all over the world, letting the water fall on the thirsty flowers and trees.

The next morning when the people came out, the birds were singing, the flowers nodding their bright heads, and the trees and grass were fresh and green.

The people went to the fairy brook and drank all the water they wanted; then the people danced and sang all day.

After that Little Star watered the flowers every night, and the people called it dew.

They changed Little Star's name to the Dew Fairy, and every one loved her—she was so good.

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SUMMER AND AUTUMN

White, white, the night so bright!
The summer is wandering among the flowers,
The birds are frittering about the berries.
The ships are sailing over the waters,
The roses are blooming!

The autumn leaves are falling,
The birds go away down South.
The clouds are sailing in the thundery night,
The squirrels are laying up nuts for the winter,
The apples are gone!

WILLIAM REID ROYSTER.

Independence, Mo.

Written when 4 years old.

THE FAIRIES

In the darkest part of a summer night
The fairies crept out on the lawn;
They danced and danced until it was light
And in a flash they were gone!

MARIAN JEANNE FRANK,

St. Louis, Mo.

Ages 10.



FRANK AND RICHARD BINKARD

Dear Miss Waldo:

My brother, sister and I wish to join the Joy Givers' Club. We read the CHILD LIFE every month and when we get it we can hardly wait till it is unwrapped.

I am sending you our pictures.

FRANK AND HARRIETT AND

RICHARD BINKARD,

Ages 7, 9 and 10.

Webb, Iowa



HARRIETT BINKARD

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Hereafter requests for letters from other children must be accompanied by the written consent of parent or guardian. Lack of space prevents our using more than one column of names and addresses each month.

Richard C. Thatcher, Jr., Lookout Mountain, Tenn., age 9.

Henry Rubin, 95 Auburn St., New Haven, Conn.

Dorothy Lesselbaum, 1718 Avenue K, Brooklyn, N. Y., age 11.

Virginia Smith, Swifton, Ark.

Helen Myer, Hillsboro, Ind., age 12.

Dorothy Mahler, 14 Woodbridge St., N. Cambridge, Mass., age 10.

Joan Ahlswede, 1715 Diamond Ave., So. Pasadena, Calif.

Helen Shryock, R. F. D. No. 1, Mount Union, Pa.

Pauline Ambaugh, 441 Cleveland Ave., Hamilton, Ohio, age 10.

Margaret Lowry Durkee, 63 Playstead Rd., Newton, Mass., age 10.

Anna Katherine Ehrenfeld, 415½ E. First St., Flint, Mich., age 10.

Shasta Edwards, 310 W. 13 St., Pueblo, Colo., age 10.

Gwendolyn Kelly, Monroe, Neb., age 11.

Catherine Bays, 2759 Broadway, Evanston, Ill., age 11.

Anne C. Henderson, Highland Springs, Va., age 8.

Rosemary Locke, 601 E. 12 St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Lillian Markowitz, 4330 Carrollton Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., age 10.

Clarice Taylor, La Grande, Ore., age 8.

Catherine Gee, 1107 15th St., Wichita Falls, Tex.

Elizabeth Wright, 5770 Waterman, St. Louis, Mo.

Ruby E. Cooper, Box 1173, Highland Springs, Va., age 9.

Catherine Closson, 121 N. Pickaway St., Circleville, Ohio.

Mary Ellen Buckley, Anna Villa, Mardye, Cork, Ireland, age 12.

Dorothy Drew, 7215 Emlen St., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., age 13.

Mary Naomi Letherman, Thornville, Ohio, age 12.

Olive Murtha, Bridgetown, N. S., age 12.

Mildred Johnson, McDowell, W. Va., age 11.

Lana J. Gregory, Elk, Wyo.

Alice V. Henderson, Highland Springs, Va., age 10.

Betty Johnston, Easton Road, Roslyn Pa., age 8½.

Mary E. Bruner, Industry, Ill., age 11.

Marjorie Pickett, 610 Luna Blvd., Albuquerque, N. M.

Mary E. Bishop, Presque Isle, Me.

Margaret Emmer, 1269 Prospect, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Nancy Congdon, 318 N. Warren Ave., Saginaw, Mich., age 13.

Eleanor Fetting, 256 S. 14 St., Saginaw, Mich., age 13.

Elizabeth Flannery, Litchfield, Ohio, age 11.

Ruth Rosenstein, 104 Roosevelt Ave., East Orange, N. J., age 9.

Phoebe Halter, 886 Fell St., San Francisco, Calif., age 9.

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Box C 1322, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MY FIRST CAMPING EXPERIENCE

It was the middle of August when our family started by auto on our vacation. We went about two hundred miles north when we decided to pitch camp near a small lake. This was in the pine country district of Michigan. It was nearly dark and we were very tired, and went to bed as soon as we had the sleeping tent pitched and had eaten a light supper.

Our sleeping tent contained three army folding cots. We had lots of heavy blankets, but the nights were very cold and we slept rather cold. So the next morning we went to a farmer and asked for some hay. This we carried in a blanket and put it on top of our cots to keep out the cold.

Our camp also consisted of a kitchen tent, and we burned pine wood in our sheet metal stove. We had lots of fun each day gathering this wood. We just picked these knots from old pine stumps that lumbermen had left years ago. There is a great deal of pitch in these knots and they make a very hot fire.

In order to buy provisions, we would go about eight miles. The ride to town was very rough as the country is very hilly, and the roads very winding and narrow. This is because of the fact that when a tree falls down over the road, instead of picking up the tree, the natives just go around it, thereby making a new road.

The trees are beautiful, there being an abundance of spruce, pine and balsam. The woods are filled with all kinds of wild flowers, with plenty of sweet fern, which makes the land look even, although it is very rolling. We found Indian pipes, pitcher plants, and other interesting flowers near a cranberry swamp, where we went to pick some cranberries. Some of the berries were already frosted the early part of September.

One day when we were coming back from town, we saw three wild deer, but could not get a picture of them because they jumped too quick. In this country there are some black bears. We tried very hard to see one. We traced the bear's tracks near a water hole where he must have been to drink, but we couldn't find him. We afterwards found some deer tracks near the lake where we camped. These were close to the edge of the water, so he must have swum across the lake.

I saw lots of birds. One of the big ones was a loon. A whip-poor-will was right in the road one day and we had to stop the car, because they can't see very well in the day time and we would have run over him. Whip-poor-wills start to call at dusk, usually about 8 o'clock. A short time after this, a partridge was in the rut of the road also. We stopped again for him. Then one day when we were coming home from trout fishing, something was in the road, and daddy went to pick it up, and what do you suppose it was? A rabbit.

ALTHEA MINKLEY.

Age 11.

Ann Harbor, Mich.

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 380)

You, too, may win one of the Honor Award pins by earning 250 Honor Points during twelve consecutive months. An Honor Point is awarded for each day you record a good deed. In another column you will find a suggestive list of good citizenship deeds for May, but any good deed that you record will count.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your June list of good deeds in time to reach us by July 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

Honor Roll for March

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points:

Chester Abrahamson	Lola Mack
Joy Adams	Virginia Mahoney
Marion Adams	Madeline Mantel
Virginia Aetzel	Reba Maret
Pauline Andrews	Reginald Marshall
Helen Bair	Catherine Meyer
Adolphus Ballantyne	Eleanor Meyer
Betty Barley	Annette Miller
Helen Basford	Frederick Monahan
Norman Barron	Ruth Muhooney
Mary Batley	Marjorie Murdoch
George Bell	Walter Naugler
Virginia Blunt	Ruth Nelson
Alice Bodal	Harold Neuman
Leonard Boehlike	Willis Nichols
Lavina Briggs	Russell Overly
Bernice Brown	Paul Passage
Bulah Brown	Daisy Philbrick
Harriett Burce	Joseph Pingitore
Raymond Cahill	Hjalmar Rand
Eva Chamberlain	Billie Ray
Tina Chantri	Doris Reasoner
George R. Childress	Margaret Reid
Homer Clyde	Marjorie Rice
Mardell Coburn	William Rickman
Annis Crandall	Carl Rosenbaum
David Currington	Marguerite Rosenbaum
Russell Curtis	Alice Roberts
Nellie Dangler	Felix Russo
Duane Davis	Augusta Schoenky
Kathryn Day	Vernon Schuelke
Rosemary De Filippo	Belma Seaton
Mary Deppe	Dee Sewart
Anthony De Rosa	Thelma Shafrank
Velma Drury	Robert Shurtan
Anna Dyson	John Sineich
Margie Dyson	Maxwell Small
Willis Eckert	Betty Smith
Ozro Field	Kenneth Solbeck
Catherine Flitter	Gingie Speckart
Alexander Poncoca	Edna Steele
Melvin Foomaster	Ernestine K. Steffen
Edna Frey	Winifred Stephens
Merdith Frey	Alden Stewart
Phoebe Frey	Keith Stewart
Jean Gardner	Mishie Stewart
Beryl Gibson	Pearl Stewart
Eldon Gibson	Rayola Stewart
Edith Gray	Willard Stewart
Harvey Grieger	Phyllis Stokes
Hillie F. Hall	Hilbert Stoltz
Jean Harmon	Whitney Stuart
Virginia Harrigan	Albert Taylor
Willard Hartin	David Taylor
Jack Harvey	Eleanor Teas
Donna Henderson	Virginia Temple
Lois Herbeck	Foster Terrio
Hollie J. Hess	Jesse Thomas
Joe L. Higgins	Audrey R. Thorne
Eva Hills	Frederoth Thunberg
Lyman Hopkins	Dorothy Trumbley
Eden Hostetter	Lynn Vowles
Donald Hume	Nell Wadsworth
Alice Hummer	Maxine Waltham
Lester Johnson	Mary Whitehouse
Ernest Jones	Ellen Whitte
Janet Jorden	Eugene Wilhite
Marion Judy	Ada Wilkinson
Frances Krey	Alexander Williamson
Erma Lamb	Robert Wohleb
Fay Lamb	John Woods
Eleanor Mackenzie	Elizabeth Young
	Katherine Zeig

TOGS for TOTS



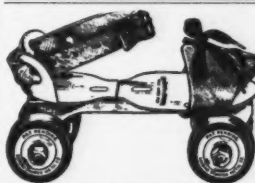
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A SURPRISE

Once upon a time there was a little girl and a little boy. The little girl's name was Ruth and the little boy's name was Carl.

One day Ruth looked up from her book and said, "I wonder if Little Red Riding Hood or any of those people are living?"

Carl looked up and said, "Why, Ruth, I really don't know."

Then there was silence again. Suddenly there came a rap at the door. They both went to the door to see who was there, and to their great surprise there stood Little Red Riding Hood herself. They were so amazed they really could not believe their own eyes. Then they remembered their manners and invited her in.

After she took off her cape she sat down beside them and said, "We have looked all over to find a nice little girl and boy to make a party for Cinderella and at last we have found the right ones. Now Cinderella, as you know, is very poor."

Then Ruth interrupted and said, "Why do you say 'is'; why don't you say 'was'?"

Little Red Riding Hood said, "Why, she is still living."

This statement surprised the children.

Then Little Red Riding Hood said, "I thought that you wouldn't mind if some of my friends should come and bring gifts for Cinderella. Then we would bring Cinderella here and surprise her."

Both Ruth and Carl said they would be very glad to do it, so Little Red Riding Hood stayed with them all night. The next day they asked their mother, whom they called "Mumsey," if they might give a party for Cinderella and Mumsey said "yes," and that she would be glad to help.

Red Riding Hood went for all her friends. There was Humpty Dumpty, Miss Muffet, Jack Horner, Old Mother Hubbard, Little Bo Peep and many others.

They all had presents for Cinderella and put them around the make-believe Christmas tree. When they were all there, Little Red Riding Hood went for Cinderella. Very soon she came back with her. Cinderella was very much surprised when she came in, to see all the beautiful presents and then she was even more surprised when Little Red Riding Hood took her right up to the tree and told her all those things were hers. She looked at all the gifts but she liked the little cap and apron that were on the tree and the little live lamb best.

In the meantime while Red Riding Hood had gone to get Cinderella, all of the children had hidden and they were going to jump out and surprise her.

All of a sudden Cinderella heard some one coming in. She looked and there she saw Little Miss Muffet. She was carrying a mysterious-looking dish and was holding a golden chain, on the end of which was a big, winking, blinking spider. Little Miss Muffet came up to Cinderella and took off the cover of the bowl and in it Cinderella saw some of the most delicious looking curds and whey. Miss Muffet told Cinderella that the curds and whey and the spider were for her very own self.

Then Red Riding Hood took Cinderella onto the sun porch to tie the spider to a chair, and when they went back into the living room there were all the children sitting around the tree. Red Riding Hood then told Cinderella that this was her party. Then they all played games and Mumsey had prizes ready for the children who won.

After they had tired of playing, Mumsey said that if they were hungry they might go to the dining room. When Ruth and Carl swung open the doors they saw the most beautifully decorated dining room they had ever seen. Mother Hubbard helped the children find their places at the table. Cinderella had the place of honor, while Carl sat at her left and Ruth sat at her right.

The dinner lasted much longer than they knew, for they suddenly heard a clock striking and they all stopped to listen. They counted eight, then nine, then ten, then eleven and twelve. They sat so still that they didn't even blink an eyelash in surprise. Then Cinderella screamed and the lights all went out. There came a crash and all was still.

Carl and Ruth opened their eyes, very surprised to find themselves on the floor. They had fallen off the chair and all the party had been but a dream. They felt very sad until Mumsey called, "Children, didn't you hear the clock strike twelve? Come to lunch at once."

MARTHA E. CLARK,
Rochester, N. Y.

Age 11.



ZORIK SHOUMATOFF

DEAR MISS WALDO:
Can I be a Joy Giver? I've read many poems that the children wrote, so here is one that I wrote:

THE FAIRIES

In the silence of the midnight
There is perfume in the air
From the flowers that are sleeping.
Sleeping, dreaming here and there.
By the lilies of the valley
There are fairies all about
Playing, dancing; all are happy.
They are there, I have no doubt!

ZORIK SHOUMATOFF,
Napanoch, N. Y.

FAIRIES

Silver winged and golden gowned,
On star-lit evenings they are found.

Fairies!

Silver, golden, scarlet, white—
Oh, it is a pretty sight.

The fairies!

The fairies sing their songs of old;
The queen sits on her throne of gold,
Fairies!

The fairies kneel before their queen
And oh, where is a prettier scene?

The fairies!

The south wind plays the music sweet
For the fairies' dancing feet.

Fairies!

But with dawn there comes the morn
Then go the fairies!

SALRA FRANCES ROLLINS
Age 10 years Worcester, Mass.

JUNE

Hidden no longer
In moss-covered ledges,
Starring the wayside
Under the hedges,
Violet, pimpernel,
Flashing with dew,
Daisy and asphodel
Blossom anew.

Down in the dusky dells
Everywhere,
Faintly their fairy bells
Chime in the air.
Thanks to the sunshine!
Thanks to the showers!
They come again, bloom again,
Beautiful flowers!

MARGUET RUTH FARLEY,
Age 12 Vero, Fla.

ADVENTURES OF THE WHITE PUPPY

The White Pup had got up in a gay mood, but I must say he didn't end in one. His breakfast didn't please him, and so he was rather unpleasant. He thought that by looking real cross at the cook that maybe she would give him something better to eat. As this wouldn't work he started for his usual morning walk.

He called on the puppies next door, but half of them were asleep and the others were too small for the white puppy to play with, so he started on to see Pete, who lived two doors away. Pete was too comfortable to move.

The White Pup then wandered back home and, seeing a mutton bone lying on the kitchen table helped himself to all the nice breakfast that he wanted till, all of a sudden, he heard his master's footsteps and he pretended to be asleep. Very soon he did fall asleep in dead earnest, but was soon awakened, for the cook had missed the bone off the kitchen table and had suspected Whitey. Poor pup heard a shoe whirl by his head and pup hiked for the cellar. When he was in safety he just sat and laughed and laughed, until suddenly something scratched his head and poor pup thought sure that the cook had caught him this time, but when he turned around he found two playful kittens sitting side by side on the coal box. Indeed the kittens were far too playful for him.

He moved to where the old cat's milk dish sat. Up came the old cat, and saw that her milk was all gone. White Pup was trouble brewing.

White Pup thought himself very lucky to have such an unusual meal as a mutton bone and a dish of milk. He wandered back to where his brothers and sisters were. The mother was still out hunting.

He felt very sleepy, so he laid down to take a nap. When Whitey woke up it was very dark, and he couldn't see where to go. All of a sudden the old cat jumped onto his back and scratched him all up. Poor pup tried to run but he couldn't see and he kept bumping into everything. Next morning when Whitey went home his mother scolded him and spanked him hard and put him to bed.

Whitey promised his mother he would never be a bad puppy again. And he wasn't.

HARRIETTE HARRINGTON,
Santa Cruz, Calif.

